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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1897

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY Hon. JOHN R. McBRIDE,

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY Hon. JOHN BURNETT,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND OTHER MATTERS
OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
GEO. H. HIMES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS
272 Oak Street, corner of Fourth
1898

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, April 6, 1897.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the First National Bank at 3:30 P. M. to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1897—the twenty-fifth.

The following members of the Board were present:

Captain J. T. Apperson, 1847, Vice-President, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

Geo. H. Himes, 1853, Secretary, Portland, Multnomah county.

Curtis C. Strong, M. D., 1849, Corresponding Secretary, Portland, Multnomah county.

Henry Failing, 1851, Treasurer, Portland, Multnomah county.

Hon. William Galloway, 1852, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and agreed upon as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speakers: a—for the annual address; b—for the occasional address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: a—committee of arrangements; b—finance committee; c—committee on building and music; d—committee on invitations; e—committee on transportation; f—reception committee; g—selection of chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The foregoing was adopted as a permanent order of business.

No invitation but that of Portland having been received, on motion of Mr. Galloway, it was accepted.

The selection of speakers was discussed at some length, but as no decision was arrived at, the whole matter was referred to President Geo. H. Williams and Secretary Geo. H. Himes as a committee, with power to act.

The same action was taken in the selection of Grand Chaplain and Grand Marshal.

On motion of Mr. Failing, President Williams, Secretary Himes and Corresponding Secretary Strong were appointed a Committee of Arrangements with full power to arrange all details about place of meeting, invitations, transportation and reception.

On motion of Mr. Himes, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright was elected chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary.

Upon the nomination by Mr. Failing of Colonel F. V. Holman, Charles E. Ladd and Joseph N. Teal as the Finance Committee, they were so elected.

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the Secretary was authorized to edit and print 1,000 copies of Annual Transactions of 1896 as usual.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.

On Thursday, April 8th, President Williams and Secretary Himes held a committee meeting, pursuant to the foregoing appointment, and made the following selections:

To give the Annual Address, Hon. John R. McBride, 1846, of Spokane, Washington.

To give the Occasional Address, Hon. John Burnett, 1858, Corvallis, Oregon.

Grand Chaplain, Rev. J. S. Griffin, 1839, Hillsboro.

Grand Marshal, John W. Minto, 1848, Portland.

The Exposition Building was chosen as the place for holding the Reunion.

Mrs. C. M. Cartwright submitted the following named persons as members of the Woman's Auxiliary:

Mrs. C. M. Cartwright,
Mrs. A. H. Holbrook,
Mrs. R. B. Wilson,
Mrs. M. S. Burrell,
Mrs. Robert Porter,
Mrs. O. F. Kent,
Mrs. Richard Williams,
Miss Mae Failing,
Mrs. A. H. Morgan,
Mrs. M. C. George,
Mrs. T. T. Struble,
Mrs. C. B. Bellinger,
Mrs. L. L. McArthur,
Mrs. J. H. McMillen,
Mrs. H. L. Pittock,
Mrs. Geo. L. Story,
Mrs. P. L. Willis,
Miss Susie Cosgrove,
Mrs. William Grooms,
Mrs. O. N. Denny,
Mrs. W. P. Burke,
Mrs. D. P. Thompson,
Mrs. Moore,
Mrs. M. E. McClure,
Mrs. A. Meier,
Mrs. P. Selling,
Mrs. Geo. L. Durham,
Mrs. John McCraken,
Mrs. J. M. Freeman,
Mrs. R. J. Marsh,
Mrs. Geo. H. Himes,
Mrs. I. W. Pratt,
Miss Nannie Taylor,
Mrs. T. N. Strong,
Mrs. Geo. Taylor,
Mrs. Milton W. Smith,
Miss C. Teal,
Mrs. A. S. Duniway,
Mrs. Phoebe Dekum,
Mrs. Clara Waldo,
Mrs. Theo. Wygant,
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs,
Mrs. Henrietta Failing,
Mrs. Stimson,
Mrs. Amos N. King,
Mary A. Burke,
Agnes J. Burke,
Mrs. A. H. Breyman,
Mrs. B. G. Whitehouse,
Mrs. Susan Middleton,
Mrs. William M. Ladd,
Mrs. Dr. Raffety,
Mrs. June Ordway,
Mrs. Thomas Moffett.

The First Regiment Band was engaged to lead the procession and to provide music for the public exercises.

No further business appearing, the Committee adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION

Portland, Oregon, Wednesday, June 16, 1897.

Today occurred one of the most successful reunions of the Oregon Pioneers ever held in the history of the Association. All the great struggles were fought over again from the skirmishes and privations of the long trip across the plains to the establishment of a relatively populous state. The plodding ox teams were guided over waste of plains and mountain ranges, by the crack of a bullwhip; the sneaking savages were repulsed in murderous assaults; rescues of beleagured families were effected; snow and rain, heat and cold were endured with scant clothing and still scarcer food; a provisional government was established, and was followed by a state constitution; the forest was gradually swept back, and with it the den of the wild beast and the damp gloom of the wilderness—all was done again, but not by vigorous, robust and ambitious youth. Tottering frames and white heads did the work and devised the ways, and melancholy reflection over scenes that teemed with friends now gone was the only cloud that marred a day of the brightest and deepest joy.

The city was filled with aged people, wearing badges that bear dates as far back as 1839, '40 and '41, and bear

stronger evidence of advanced years. The register of the Association showed that between 500 and 600 visited the office of the Secretary, but there were many others in the city, besides a host of their family relations and friends. The parade in the afternoon from the Portland hotel to the pavilion was a most interesting spectacle, and those in line not only constituted the representatives of a fast passing generation, but represented the business interests of the state. At the pavilion a great throng assembled to hear exceptionally fine addresses from distinguished pioneers, which were followed by a feast that cannot be praised too highly. Regular annual business was transacted in the evening, after the pioneers had refreshed themselves and indulged two hours and a half in social intercourse, recounting the past and meeting companions of early toil and danger.

The procession left the court of the Portland hotel at 2 o'clock, under the management of Grand Marshal John W. Minto. Long before that hour groups of pioneers assembled on the sidewalk in front of the hotel and kept up lively and enjoyable conversations. Many met after years of separation, and some few made the acquaintance of those who shared the same cares at no great distance, but without coming together. The First Regiment band was stationed inside the court, and rendered occasional numbers, that added greatly to the happiness of the occasion. Frequently an aged man or woman, so infirm and decrepit that he was unable to

stand unsupported, would hobble through the crowd on the arm of a friend or relative, determined to meet with old friends once more, which might be the last opportunity. Carriages had been provided for the weaker members of the Association who felt disposed to join the procession, and a noticeable difference between the march of last year and the present was the increased use of these vehicles.

At 2 o'clock a line was formed on the sidewalk, the order being according to the dates the pioneers arrived in Oregon. The band led, and was followed by the emblem of the Association, consisting of a banner stretched on a frame, and bearing appropriate inscriptions and figures typifying the work of the pioneers. A flag somewhat resembling the stars and stripes, with the difference of a peculiar arrangement of the stars in the blue field and bearing the words "Company D, First Oregon Volunteers, 1855-56," was carried in the van. The first of the parade, in accordance with the serial arrangement by years, was Rev. J. S. Griffin, bearing a banner with the date of 1839 on it. For years this banner has led in the march, and the venerable bearer, although its light weight seems a burden, says for years to come he hopes to carry his treasured emblem. Rev. Mr. Griffin considers his position at the head of the procession as one of honor, and it is gratifying to see the old man set the pace. He marches in his division alone.

Behind the 1840 banner there were but two marchers, S. B. Parrish, of this city, and Mrs. Wiley Edwards, of

Newberg. In the 1841 division there were also two, and the same number in the 1842 list. The 1843 division was larger, there being seven, and double that number was marching in the 1844 division. The numbers in each of the following divisions increased until the numbers in a single division reached about 50 in the years about 1850. In 1855, 1856 and 1857 there were but few.

Following the pioneers came a division of the Native Sons, about 50 strong, led by their President, B. B. Beekman, Secretary J. D. Lee, and under the command of Vice-President J. H. D. Gray. This was the first turnout for the Native Sons since their organization, which was perfected late last Tuesday evening.

The whole parade was well conducted and presented an imposing appearance to the numerous spectators gathered on the curbs to watch it pass. Grand Marshal Minto and his four aids, F. C. Baker, C. T. Belcher, W. H. Warren and N. H. Bird, were kept busy arranging the marchers and keeping them in their proper places.

AT THE PAVILION.

When the pavilion was reached the procession marched in at the Washington-street entrance in the order of the parade. A photographer had adjusted his camera on the floor of music hall, and when the first few divisions were filing down the steps of that room they were called to a halt until a "shot" was taken at them. The remaining divisions were lined up in like manner

in turn until the whole procession had been taken, including the Native Sons in their individual group.

The pioneers were seated in the music hall as near the stage as possible, while the speakers and several of the more prominent members of the Association were arranged on the platform. Judge George H. Williams, President of the Association, occupied the chair of the presiding officer, and on either side were seated Hon. John R. McBride, of Spokane, and Hon. John Burnett, who were to deliver the Annual and Occasional addresses, respectively. On the stage were Colonel John McCraken, B. B. Beekman, F. C. Baker, Judge J. H. D. Gray, J. C. Carson, F. X. Matthieu, Rev. J. S. Griffin, A. B. Burbank, Dr. J. R. Bayley, Captain J. T. Apperson and many other noted pioneer gentlemen and ladies.

The hall had been nicely decorated, a wreath of Oregon grape running around the balconies, and up over the front of the stage. At the rear of the stage the words "Welcome, Pioneers," were wrought in large and conspicuous letters, deep red, pink and light-colored roses and marguerites being used. Across at the footlights a beautiful wreath of roses, marguerites, Oregon grape and other flowers and vines gave an attractive appearance.

Judge Williams called the meeting to order at 3 o'clock and admonished quietness, as the acoustic properties of the hall were poor. The First Regiment band discoursed "The Star-Spangled Banner" with excellent

effect, which was followed by a short prayer from Rev. J. S. Griffin. The aged chaplain invoked earnestly a blessing on the pioneers, and touchingly referred to their labors. Judge Williams, as President, then welcomed the Association in a few eloquent and inspiring words.

Hon. John R. McBride, 1846, of Spokane, Wash., then delivered the Annual Address, after which a medley of patriotic and familiar airs by the band was then rendered. Ralph R. Duniway read a poem, by Mrs. S. J. Henderson, a pioneer of 1845, and daughter of Rev. Ezra Fisher, one of the pioneer Baptist ministers, entitled "Pioneers," which was received with much applause. A piece by the band, composed by Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, was highly appreciated.

A committee on resolutions was then appointed, as follows: John Minto, 1844; W. C. Johnson, 1845; William Galloway, 1852.

Hon. John Burnett, 1858, Corvallis, then delivered the Occasional Address, after which "America" was sung, led by E. C. Masten, and joined in by the audience, to the accompaniment of the band, creating great enthusiasm. Rev. J. S. Griffin, Chaplain, then pronounced a benediction, when the meeting was dismissed.

AT THE BANQUET.

Grand Marshal Minto and his aids got the pioneers in line on both sides of the hall and marched them into the

west wing of the pavilion, where the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman, had prepared a sumptuous repast. The arrangements were excellent, and the immense assembly of pioneers was nearly all seated at tables at one time, while their wants were supplied by a score or more of the daughters of pioneers. Fourteen long tables stretched side by side across the west wing, while on either side of the room were extra tables and stands, where capacious coffee and tea boilers were arranged, and the reserve supply of food was placed. Perfect order reigned throughout the time of eating, and no one was kept waiting, all of which attested emphatically to the skill of the management. The early pioneers were seated together at one table, and the successive divisions were ranged according to their respective dates. Over 500 people were eating at one time, and immediately after they had finished the tables were ready for the next sitting, with a promptness and alacrity that would do credit to the best regulated hotel.

From 5 o'clock, the time of entering the banquet-room until 7:30, all mingled in a most happy conversation. They swarmed over the big building and discussed old times.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The Association assembled at 7:30 P. M., with J. T. Apperson, Vice-President, in the chair. The first busi-

ness being the election of officers for the ensuing year, the result was as follows:

President, George H. Williams, 1853, Multnomah county; Vice-President, J. T. Apperson, 1847, Clackamas county; Geo. H. Himes, 1853, Secretary, Multnomah county; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Curtis C. Strong, 1849, Multnomah county; Treasurer, Henry Failing, 1851, Multnomah county; Directors, Felix Matthieu, 1842, Marion county; William Galloway, 1852, Clackamas county; J. H. McMillen, 1845, Multnomah county.

The Committee on Organization of Native Sons and Daughters of Pioneers, appointed at the last annual meeting, reported as follows:

Portland, Oregon, June 16, 1897.

To the Oregon Pioneer Association:

We, the Committee appointed by you to organize the Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers, beg leave to report that we have met, organized and elected officers and have the matter outlined in a crude form, but are not ready at this time to make a final report, therefore we ask until the next annual reunion to make our full report.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES MOFFETT, Chairman.

The report of the committee was adopted and the request of the committee granted.

The Committee on Resolutions reported as follows:

Mr. President: Your Committee on Resolutions respectfully report:

First—Inasmuch as there has been no opportunity for your

Committee appointed at your last reunion for the purpose of securing legislation for the collection and publication, by the State, of early history of the beginning of the industries in Oregon, including the collection of likenesses of prominent leaders of the various industries and professions during our pioneer period, for their preservation in the capital of the State; and inasmuch as one valued member of the Committee then appointed has recently been called away from your service, we would earnest recommend that your Committee for the above mentioned purpose be renamed and Mrs. L. L. McArthur be made a member of it.

Second—We would also report that since the appointment of your Committee on Legislation last year the State has published a history of the early Indian Wars of Oregon from 1828 to 1860, which is held for sale (at cost) to those who wish it, and that therefore a brief history of the development of the industries with short biographical notices of prominent leaders thereof seems to your Committee, taking into account the before mentioned history of the early Indians Wars and the political history made by your legislative journals and law reports, to be all that is required, but we would most earnestly recommend the compiling of the industrial history to our legislators.

Third—We thank the managers of lines of travel and commerce for concessions and kindness to our attending membership, the citizens of Portland generally for kindnesses received, but more especially do we recognize our indebtedness to the Woman's Auxiliary of Portland for the generous and liberal means they have adopted to make our meetings here comfortable and pleasant.

Fourth—We extend our condolence and sympathy to the families of our brother and sister Pioneers who have been called to the better land since we last met.

Fraternally submitted,

JOHN MINTO,

W. C. JOHNSON,

WM. GALLOWAY,

Committee.

A report from the meeting to organize the Society of the Native Sons of Oregon was presented, as follows:

Portland, Oregon, June 16, 1897.

Mr. George H. Himes,

Secretary of the Oregon Pioneers' Association,

Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in calling to the attention of the Oregon Pioneer Association the fact that last night was organized the Society of the Native Sons of Oregon. It is the intention of this Society to co-operate with the Oregon Pioneer Association, and in any matter that may be of interest to you or to us, we will be glad to hear from you.

I enclose herewith a copy of the constitution and a list of the officers, excepting the vice-presidents, who have not at this time been named or elected. Yours very truly,

SANDERSON REED,

Corresponding Secretary.

On motion of T. A. Wood, the report was received and referred to a committee of three to be nominated by the Chair. The committee appointed was as follows: T. A. Wood, Dr. Curtis C. Strong, Frederick V. Holman.

Plympton Kelly, 1848, offered a resolution on behalf of the members of the Association from outside of the city giving especial thanks to the management of the Association for this successful reunion, and particularly the Woman's Auxiliary, for the grand banquet given by them.

Especial thanks were given to the Children's Home and the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society for donations of flowers for decorative purposes.

Vice-President Apperson then called Hon. M. C. George to preside for the remainder of the evening.

He gave a brief introductory address in the Chinook language, which was fully understood by many in the large assemblage of pioneers. He then introduced Mrs. Owens-Adair, of Clatsop county, one of the very few survivors of the 1843 immigration, who gave a sketch of some of "The Pioneer Women of Clatsop County."

An original song by Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, a daughter of a pioneer of 1845, was sung, by request, by Mr. A. Walker Craig, accompanied by Miss May F. Ross, as follows:

As you are sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
I sing, dear friends, bon voyage to thee;
A calm, peaceful journey through each sunny clime,
And all days be bright as sweet summer time.

Often life's voyage by clouds is beset,
Cares and misfortunes we never forget;
When stormwinds are tossing the wild, raging sea,
I'll sing, my dear friends, bon voyage to thee.

Kind friends be with you, and ever abide,
As you pass on o'er the ocean's tide;
Let white sails be spread like the wings of the dove,
As safely you enter that heaven of love.

[Refrain:]

As you sail on o'er life's troubled sea,
I sing my dear friends, bon voyage to thee;
A safe, gladsome journey o'er life's sandy bars,
And meetings and greetings beyond Heaven's bright stars.

Mr. Walker was greeted with a vociferous encore, and responded with "Friends of the Brave."

Brief five-minute speeches were made by William Galloway, John Minto, Mrs. Duniway, who respended to "The Pioneer Women of Oregon," offered by Hon. M. C. George, James Mann, T. A. Wood, of the Indian war veterans; Mrs. N. A. Jacobs a survivor of the Whitman massacre, of whom Mrs. E. S. Helm, Mrs. Mina A. Megler, Mrs. Lorinda B. Chapman, Mrs. O. N. Denny and Mrs. Sarah S. Munson, other survivors, were upon the stage. The closing address was made by Judge John F. Caples, which aroused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

The evening closed with music by the band, followed with "Auld Lang Syne," led by Mr. A. Walker Craig, the whole audience joining.

PIONEER IN ATTENDANCE

Those who registered with the Secretary were as follows:

1839.

Napoleon McGillivray, Portland, Rev. J. S. Griffin, Hillsboro,
J. H. D. Gray, Astoria.

1840.

Mrs. F. H. Neale, S. B. Parrish, Portland,
Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg.

1841.

Thos. Mountain, Portland, Mrs. C. K. Smith,
Mrs. Geo. L. Plumey, Portland, Mrs. C. J. Hood, Portland.

1842.

F. X. Matthieu, Butteville, C. F. Pomeroy, Scappoose.

1843.

W. L. Higgins, Portland, D. C. Hatch, Portland,
Mrs. B. A. Owens-Adair, Skipanon, Almoran Hill, Gaston,
Mrs. Sarah J. Hill, Gaston,
Dr. J. R. Bayley, Newport, Mrs. C. Davis, The Dalles,
Mrs. Elizabeth Lovejoy, Portland, Mrs. M. O'Neil, Oregon City.
J. T. Hembree, Lafayette,

1844.

B. C. Kindred, Flavel, Green L. Rowland, North Yamhill,
Mrs. B. C. Kindred, Flavel,
James Walker, Cape Horn, Wash., James Johnson, Lafayette,
Mrs. Elizabeth Helm, The Dalles, Mrs. Juliet Johnson, Lafayette,
Robert Walker, Cornelius, Mrs. Daniel Johnson, Lafayette,
John Minto, Salem, Mrs. Lizzie Bidwell, North Yamhill,
Mrs. Martha A. Minto, Salem,

Mrs. W. H. Bellion,
Mrs. Elizabeth Washburn, Ostrander, Wash.,
Wm. M. Case, Butteville,
A. C. Wirt, Skipanon,
Mrs. Margaret W. Burton, North Yamhill,
Mrs. Sarah Perkins, North Yamhill,
Mrs. Elizabeth Conser, Eugene,
A. J. Frost, Hillhurst, Wash.,
H. Caples, Caples, Wash.,
John B. Waldo, Macleay.

1845.

S. S. White, Portland,
C. O. Hosford, Portland,
Mrs. Mary E. Ellis, Portland,
Mrs. Julia A. Wilcox, Portland,
Mrs. M. A. Frush, Portland,
Mrs. Rachel Cornelius, Portland,
John Cogswell, Eugene,
Mrs. Mary H. Cartwright, Portland,
A. G. Lloyd, Walla Walla, Wash.,
H. Terwilliger, Portland,
J. H. McMillen, City,
Thos. R. Cornelius, Cornelius,
C. C. Bozorth, Woodland, Wash.,
T. W. Foster, Logan,
Mrs. S. J. Henderson, Portland,
Jonas Davis, Shedd,
Mrs. Martha J. Wigle, Prineville,
Mrs. M. Smith, Lafayette,
Mrs. Elizabeth Perry,
Mrs. M. A. Hurley, Sellwood,
Mrs. N. A. Jacobs, Weston,
J. S. Rinearson, Rainier,
Mrs. Frances Killin, Hubbard,
Mrs. A. F. Catching, Portland,
J. S. Risley, Oswego,
Mrs. R. C. Baldra, Portland,
William Barlow, Barlow,
W. C. Johnson, Oregon City,
J. L. Williams, Tacoma, Wash.

1846.

W. R. Kirk, Brownsville,
Mrs. O. Smith, Portland,
Mrs. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City,
Miss Frances A. Holman, Portland,
Mrs. M. P. Deady, Portland,
Mrs. Ellen E. Hackett, Park Pl.,
Mrs. Nancy C. Poppleton, Portland,
Mrs. Martha Burnett, Corvallis,
Mrs. Mary A. Hunsaker D'Arcy,
Dock Hartley, Rockwood,
Mrs. Clementina McEwan, Portland,
Mrs. A. B. Stuart, Portland,
Mrs. Rachel H. Holman, Portland,
Mrs. Elliott, Oregon City,
Mrs. Emily Burnett Snelling, McMinnville,
Carlos W. Shane, Vancouver, Wash.,
Mrs. Prudence Holston, Portland,

Portland,
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins,
Mrs. R. S. Ford,
Mrs. Jessie M. Blakesley, Portland,
Mrs. A. M. Bidwell, Monmouth,
John R. McBride, Spokane, Wn.,
A. C. Brown, Forest Grove,
Mrs. E. D. Fellows.

1847.

Mrs. L. M. Foster, Portland,
Thomas Stephens, Portland,
Mrs. B. H. Robinson, Portland.
Mrs. Robert Patton, Portland,
Mrs. R. J. Marsh, Portland,
Mrs. R. S. Ford, Portland,
Mrs. Eva A. King, Portland,
Mrs. Mary H. Todd, Portland,
W. T. Legg, Portland,
Mrs. J. H. Slavin,
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland,
Mrs. Otelia DeWitt,
Seneca Smith, Portland,
O. H. Lance, Portland,
W. B. Jolly, Portland,
Mrs. Delia A. Smith, Portland,
John T. Hughes, Portland,
Mrs. Lida E. White, Portland,
W. T. Scholl, Portland,
Mrs. Susan H. Mathews, Portland,
Mrs. J. W. Whalley, Portland,
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland,
F. A. Watts, Portland,
C. H. Ralston, Portland,
A. J. Langworthy, Portland,
F. A. McBride, Oregon City.
C. Bridgefarmer, Hartland, Wn.,
Mrs. Emily Sloan, Albany,
Mrs. O. N. Denny, Lafayette,
Mrs. Malinda Butler, McMinnville,
Mrs. P. S. Knight, Salem.
Mrs. N. E. Olds, McMinnville,
Mrs. A. Van Dusen, Astoria,
Mrs. Virginia McDaniel, Rickreall,
Mrs. Anna Lee, Canby,
John A. Richardson, Fulton.
Jesse Clayton, Oakland,
M. J. Hobart, Portland.
Stephen Coffin, Portland.
S. W. Iler, Gale's Creek,
G. W. Riggs, Maxburg,
S. T. McKeen, Astoria,
J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mills,
Mrs. Sarah A. Hughes, Albany,
Mrs. Nancy J. Lee, Salem,
Jason Wheeler, Albany,
G. A. Cone, Butteville,
Mrs. G. A. Cone, Butteville,
Jesse Yocum, Currinsville,
William Chapman, Sheridan,
Mrs. E. L. Chapman, Sheridan,
Mrs. Sarah Pendleton, Butteville,
J. T. Apperson, Oregon City,
Mrs. Mary V. Howell, Oregon City,
O. H. Cone, Butteville.

1848.

Mrs. H. E. Hinton, Portland,
John Catlin, Portland,
Ahio S. Watt, Portland,
Mrs. Sarah J. Allphin, Portland,
Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, Portland,
Mrs. N. L. Croxton, Portland,
Mrs. M. A. Hanna, Portland,
Warren Merchant, Portland,
Adam Catlin, Kelso, Wash.,
John W. Minto, Portland,
Mrs. L. A. Reynard, Portland,
F. M. Robinson, Beaverton,
Mrs. M. E. Wehrung, Hillsboro,
Mrs. Sarah M. Kern, Portland.

1849.

Mrs. J. K. Wait, Portland,
Mrs. A. Luelling, Milwaukie,
Mrs. M. B. Quivey, Portland,
Mrs. N. C. B. Kelly, Portland,
Wm. M. Powers, Portland,
John Nicholson, Portland,
Mrs. Mina A. Megler, Astoria,
Robert Pattison, Eugene,
John Adair, Astoria,
Capt. Chas. Lafollett, Montavilla
H. S. Gile, Portland,
G. C. Love, Portland,
Mrs. Mary L. Edwards, Portland,
P. F. Castleman, Portland,
Daniel O'Neil, Oregon City,
Mrs. Jane Dodge, Handy,
Nehemiah Doane, Portland,
Mrs. S. S. Munson, Flavel,
Mrs. A. T. Bird, Portland,
E. A. Dean, Portland,
Curtis C. Strong, Portland,
A. B. Stuart, Portland,
H. B. Campbell, Portland.
John Burnett.

1850.

Mrs. Thomas Moffett, Portland,
Mrs. S. J. Lucas, Portland,
Mrs. Martha E. Plummer, Portland,
Chas. P. Bacon, Portland,
Mrs. Agnes Grooms, Portland,
William Grooms, Portland,
C. Farlow, Portland,
B. H. Springer, Portland,
Theo. Wygant, Portland,
Mrs. Caroline Simmons, Portland.
R. Williams, Portland,
John Slavin, Portland,
Mrs. Anna Pentland Brooks, The Dalles,
Sarah H. Williams, Portland,
J. M. Holston, Portland,
Geo. F. McClane, Portland,
Miss M. S. Barlow, Portland,
Mrs. Geo. T. Myers, Portland,
D. A. McKee, McKee,
J. C. Carson, Portland,
J. B. Wyatt, Astoria,
J. M. Belcher, Lafayette,
W. C. Painter, Walla Walla, Wn.,
S. A. Clarke, Salem,

W. E. Long, Portland,
Dr. John Welch, Portland,
J. A. Bennett, Portland,
James McDowell, Portland,
Solomon Beary, Portland,
Mrs. E. M. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor,
T. B. Trevett, Portland,
Mrs. Ruth A. Voss, Woodburn,
Winfield S. Chapman, Portland,
Mrs. M. C. Graham, Newberg,
I. G. Davidson, Portland,
Mrs. H. C. Exon, Portland,
John McCraken, Portland,
Mrs. D. Ellerson, Portland,
Wm. Hanna, Fairdale,
Henry Holtgrieve, Portland,
W. H. Musgrove, Sauvies Island,
I. H. Gove, Sylvan,
Wm. Kane, Forest Grove,
S. L. Brooks, The Dalles,
S. A. Miles, St. Helens,
Sam. Walker, Gray's River, Wn.
Reuben Lee, Salem,
Mrs. Ella Dart, St. Helens,
D. S. Dunbar, Goldendale, Wash.
Rev. John Flinn, Portland,
Mrs. E. Mendenhall, Portland,
Rev. J. W. Miller, Portland.

1851.

C. H. Mattoon, Monmouth,
C. P. Burkhart, Albany,
Mrs. Lucinda Blanchard, Warren,
Mrs. Helen Dearborn, Salem,
T. W. Davenport, Salem,
James Brown, Knappa,
W. W. Haines, Eugene,
E. L. Corner, Sellwood,
H. E. Hayes,
J. L. Johnson, Woodburn,
E. N. Cooke, Salem,
Rose J. Wilson, Corvallis,
Mrs. E. M. Wilson, The Dalles,
G. W. Olds, McMinnville,
Richard Williams, Portland,
A. S. Powell, Portland,
Mrs. Mary Black, Portland,
J. T. Gibson, Portland,
Geo. L. Story, Portland,
Mrs. J. H. Burk, Portland,
Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Portland.
Mrs. Sarah Merchant, Portland.
H. A. Hogue, Portland,
J. L. Sperry, Portland,
Mary J. Rash, Portland,
M. C. George, Portland,
J. R. K. Irwin, Portland,
Mrs. Phoebe A. Breyman, Portland,
Z. Zimmerman, Portland,
W. H. Pope, Portland,

1852.

Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Cedar Mills,
W. E. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor,
Mrs. Martha E. Shannon, Fulton,
Mrs. Elizabeth Byers, Portland,
B. F. Saylor, Portland,
J. T. Hughes, Portland,
Mrs. Harriet N. Morse, Portland.

Mrs. John Sweek, Tualatin,
Isaac Ball, Tualatin,
Mrs. Isaac Ball, Tualatin,
Mrs. Mary Stott, North Yamhill,
J. S. Newell, Dilley,
W. B. Partlow, Oregon City,
Mrs. E. L. Gerow, La Center, Wash.,
Mrs. S. L. Kenyon, Hayes, Wash.,
John Winters, Middleton,
Mrs. John Winters, Middleton,
Mrs. Sarah Hovenden, Hibbard,
Mrs. Margaret J. Cone, Bu teville,
Mrs. S. Rowland, North Yamh l,
Mrs. Rhoda R. Bozorth, Woodland, Wash.,
Mrs. Martha A. Lent, Mt. Tabor,
Mrs. Naomi A. Musgrove, Sauvie's Island,
Mrs. J. W. Meldrum, Oregon Ci y,
Mrs. Catherine Kelly, Oregon City,
Mrs. B. M. Leveridge, Vancouver, Wash.,
Daniel W. Gardner, Hayes, Wn..
Aaron Cisco, Oswego,
A. J. Laws, Ridgeville, Wash.,
V. H. Caldwell, Albany,
Mrs. V. H. Caldwell, Albany,
L. Meeker, Houlton,
Mrs. L. Meeker, Houlton,
O. P. Lent, Mt. Tabor,
M. B. Hendricks, Amity,
Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, Vancouver,
Mrs. Mary L. Hoyt, Portland,
Mrs. Rhoda L. Catching, Portland
C. T. Belcher, Portland,
Mrs. Jennie Belcher, Portland,
Mrs. Mary E. Holman, Portland,
Geo. P. Gray, Portland,
P. W. Gillette, Portland,
Mrs. Emily Cole, Portland,
Chas. B. Stuart, Portland,
Mrs. E. N. Morgan, Portland,
E. N. Morgan, Portland,
David Monnastes, Portland,
Mrs. Mary E. Fox, Portland,
Mrs. Alydia Strang, Portland,
Mrs. K. S. Albright, Portland,
Isaiah Byers, Portland,
Mrs. O. I. John, Portland,
S. A. John, Portland,
Mrs. Frank Dekum, Portland,
Mrs. B. P. Cardwell, Portland,
Byron P. Cardwell, Portland,
Mrs. M. Worrick, Portland,
John P. Walker, Portland,
W. H. Harris, Portland,
J. H. Jones, Portland,
Joseph Paquet, Portland,
Mrs. Lorina Holcomb, Portland,
Fred V. Holman, Portland,
Walter V. Smith, Portland,
Mrs. H. K. McCully, Portland,
J. S. Royal, Portland,
Mrs. D. E. Newell, Portland,
Mrs. A. Hanson, Portland,
Mrs. Amory Holbrook Portland,
Mrs. N. Hughey, Portland,

Wm. Galloway, Oregon City,
C. B. Moores, Salem,
W. H. H. Myers, Forest Grove,
Lewis Gill, Gray's River, Wash.
W. T. Wright, Union,
J. T. Wright, Union,
A. W. Rynearson, La Grande,
John Foley, Arthur,
Mrs. Fannie Cochran, Oregon City,
Mrs. Mary La Forrest, Oregon City,
Mrs. N. E. Iler, Sherwood,
Mrs. Henrietta Palmer. Scappoose,
Mrs. E. M. Watts, Scappoose,
Mrs Maria McDonald, St. Paul,
Mrs. Rachel McKay, Raleigh,
J. G. Gehr, Dundee,
Geo. Abernethy, Knappa,
Wm. Wigle, Prineville,
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro,
J. C. Burnside, Hillsboro,
George Hornbuckle, Beaverton,
J. L. Ferguson, Lafayette,
J. D. Kelty, McCoy,
W. F. Kirk, Beaver,
A. H. Sale, Astoria,
Thos. Cox, Gale's Creek,
H. F. Bidwell, North Yamhill,
Henry Shepherd, Portland,
Chas. Hutchins, Portland,
John Burke, Portland,
A. T. Carroll, Portland,
Wm. Connell, Portland,
Mrs. J. W. Cook, Portland,
Mrs. Susie Gill Whitwell, Portland,
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Portland,
Mrs. Elizabeth F. Lucas, Portland
Mrs. M. Kline, Portland,
W. G. Beck, Portland,
Mrs. Martha J. Patton, Portland
Geo. B. Miller, Portland,
J. A. Strowbridge, Portland,
Mrs. Jane D. Kellogg, Portland,
Jacob Fleischner, Portland,
Peter Taylor, Portland,
Hiram G. Morgan, Portland,
J. B. Kellogg, Portland,
Mrs. A. S. Duniway, Portland,
Gustaf Wilson, Portland,
Mrs. Minnie West, Portland,
Mrs. Elizabeth Francis, Portland
Mrs. Phebe J. Mann, Portland,
Mrs. Ruth Scott, Portland,
Mrs. Eliza A. Carson, Portland,
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Holtgrieve, Portland,
Mrs. W. D. Carter, Portland,
Mrs. M. Weatherford, Portland.
John Parkhill, Portland,
Mrs. W. P. Burke, Portland,
Mrs. Susan McDuffie, Portland,
W. G. Ballard, Portland.
T. A. Wood, Portland,
F. M. Tibbitts, Portland,
Mrs. J. Evans, Portland,
Mrs. Matilde Tuttle, Portland,
Mrs. Polly Winters, Portland,
Mrs. Elnora S. Burney, Portland,
Thos. H. Crawford, Portland,

Mrs. M. Smith, Portland,
T. K. Williams, Portland,
L. M. Parrish, Portland,
R. R. Foster, Portland,
Mrs. M. A. Dalton, Portland,
Mrs. O. M. Murray, Portland,
Mrs. Jane Abraham, Portland,
J. B. Knapp, Portland.

1853.

Mrs. L. A. Stephens, Portland,
Mrs. C. M. Cummings, Portland,
Geo. H. Williams, Portland,
D. E. Chandler, Portland,
A. S. Cummins, Portland,
Mrs. M. S. Burrell, Portland,
Mrs. M. W. Trevett, Portland,
D. H. Hendee, Portland,
Mrs. Mary E. George, Portland,
M. S. Woodcock, Corvallis,
Mrs. Mary F. Prince, Portland,
Mrs. Emily Warriner,
E. W. Dixon, Forest Grove,
Geo. H. Himes, Portland,
Mrs. A. E. Knox, Portland,
Mrs. Ellen Tout, Portland,
Mrs. Anna M. Niles, Portland,
J. P. Eckler, Portland,
Mrs. Mary A. Rohr, Portland,
Mrs. C. Hamilton, Portland,
A. R. Burbank, Lafayette,
A. H. Blakesley, St. Helens,
Asa Richardson, St. Helens,
C. N. Greenman, Oregon City,
J. W. Going, Portland,
Isabel Going, Portland,
C. M. Cartwright, Portland,
Mrs. Stella Johnson, Portland,
Mrs. Gertrude De Lin, Portland,
Mrs. J. C. Hall, St. Helens,
Norman Darling, Portland,
Mrs. Ellen Grover, Portland,
Mrs. Sarah S. Taylor, Portland,
Mrs. W. D. Palmer, Portland,
Mrs. R. A. Hart, Portland,
Mrs. J. F. Griswold, Portland,
Mrs. Geo. A. Taylor, Portland,
John Conner, Portland,
H. K. Hines, Portland,
E. Poppleton, Portland,
John W. Wilson, Portland,
Mrs. M. E. Burbank, Lafayette,
P. S. Knight, Salem,
Mrs. L. W. La Rue, Portland,
Mrs. W. H. Byars, Roseburg,
Mrs. L. S. Taylor, Portland,
M. S. Griswold, Oysterville, Wn.,
F. N. Goerig, Woodland, Wash.,
Mrs. F. N. Goerig, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. H. B. Oatman, Portland,
Mrs. W. A. Daly, Portland,
Mrs. R. Williams, Portland,
Clark Hay, Portland,
Mrs. R. J. Landess, Portland,
Mrs. Ellen Carpenter, Portland,
F. M. Dodge, Handy,
M. Armsworthy, Wasco,
Mrs. Phebe Kindt, Hinton,
Mrs. Nancy B. Jerome, Hinton,

Mrs. Maria Egan, Portland,
Mrs. Mary E. Bryant, Portland,
Mrs. Alta R. Anderson, Portland,
Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Portland,
C. A. Sweek, Burns,
Mrs. A. E. Bills, Portland,
Mrs. J. C. Nelson, Newberg,
Mrs. Ella Wynkoop, Portland,
Mrs. Ella Stephens, Portland,
Mrs. Mary Daily, Hillsboro,
C. W. Bryant, Portland,
Mrs. H. K. Hines, Hood River,
M. S. Short, Pleasant, Wash.,
F. Bickel, Portland,
Thos. N. Strong, Portland,
D. E. Chandler, Portland,
William Kapus. Portland.

1854.

D. W. Taylor, Portland.
Mrs. Emma C. Blum, Portland,
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Portland,
Mrs. James Stewart, Portland,
Mrs. P. L. Willes, Portland
Mrs. Ella W. Steel,
Mrs. John McKernan,
Mrs. S. B. Morse,
Mrs. Louis Floyd, Waitsburg, Wash.,
Miss Nannie E. Taylor,
Mrs. Mary Frost, Hillhurst, Wn.
Joseph Mann, Hillsboro,
Dean Blanchard, Rainier,
George Hartness,
J. A. Henkle,
Mrs. H. M. Lawler,
P. J. Mann,
F. C. Baker.

1855.

W. E. Robertson, Portland,
Mrs. P. J. Mann, Portland,
F. P. Mays, Portland,
E. A. Breyman, Portland,
Mrs. Mary E. Roberts, Portland,
Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Portland.
John Bacon, Portland,
John Storan, Milwaukie.

1856.

Mrs. Annie Durgan, Vancouver, Wash.,
Capt. George Pope, Portland,
Mrs. Belle J. Sellwood, Portland,
Seth Riggs, Crawley,
Brenham Van Dusen, Astoria,
Joseph J. Meagher,
S. H. Smith.

1857.

Mrs. Mary E. Henkle, Portland,
Mrs. J. O. Riggs, Portland,
J. F. Boothe, Portland,
Stephen A. D. Meek, Glencoe,
Mrs. Adda Parrish, Portland.

1858.

James Gleason, Portland,
C. von Wintzingerode, Portland,
Mrs. Dalima C. Kenyon, Portland,
Mrs. D. T. Leopold, Portland,
Mrs. Lillian H. Acker, Portland,
Mrs. Ruby Morrison, Portland
George B. Henry, Portland,
Chas. W. Mayger, Mayger,
George Stowell, Portland,
Mrs. C. B. Charlton, Portland,
Mrs. Geo. H. Himes, Portland.

1859.

Mrs. Mary A. Ikerd, Portland,
John Thompson, Lafayette,
W. P. Shannon, Fulton.

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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1897

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY Hon. JOHN R. McBRIDE,

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY Hon. JOHN BURNETT,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND OTHER MATTERS
OF HISTORIC INTEREST

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
PROVO, UTAH

PORTLAND, OREGON
GEO. H. HIMES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS
272 Oak Street, corner of Fourth
1898

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY HON. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

Pioneers of Oregon—Twenty-four annual meetings of the Pioneers of Oregon have been held and we are now assembled to celebrate their twenty-fifth annual reunion. Our gratitude is due to the Giver of all good who has preserved our lives through these twenty-five eventful years and enabled us to meet on this beautiful day in the chief city of our beloved state. Some of those who were with us at our last meeting have passed on to the silent land, but in sorrowing for their loss we should not forget that most of them lived long and useful lives and came down to their graves like sheaves of corn, fully ripe and ready for the harvest. No congregation of white-haired men and women can assemble anywhere who represent more of history than do the Pioneers of Oregon. They have lived and acted history. To be the founders of a great state falls to the lot of but few of the millions who inhabit the earth and there are few parallels in the westward march of empire to the settlement of this state by its Pioneers. Countless generations to come, will enjoy the fruits of your labor, but they can never do what you have done for Oregon. Whatever else may pass away the seeds that you planted in the soil of this state will reproduce themselves to the "last syllable of recorded time." Our meetings are retrospective gatherings. We disinter departed years and for the time being dwell among their revivified memories—our youthful aspirations glimmer through the things that were—we think over our successes and disappointments. All the privations and hardships as well as the pleasures of frontier life are remembered with conflicting emotions. Our social natures are cultivated and cherished by our meetings. It is pleasant to meet old friends and to renew old

friendships. It is pleasant to talk over old times and compare the reminiscences of pioneer life. With us the brightness of the spring term has gone, and we have passed into the season of "the sere and yellow leaf." Our chief needs are health, peace and contentment.

"Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim unbounded sea,
Seeking only some fair clime,
Touch us gently, Gentle Time."

This beautiful state, my venerable friends, is your state. You natured it in its infancy and have watched over its growing years. Here is your home and you can truly say, "There is no place like home." Here is where you will sleep when you rest from your labors, and here is where your children and your children's children will rise up to praise your deeds and bless your memories. I give you a cordial welcome to this city, and as far as I can to all its hospitalities. I hope you will enjoy this meeting and have a safe return to your respective homes, and may "God be with you till we meet again."

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY HON. JOHN R. McBRIDE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Pioneers of Oregon—Although I am an old Oregonian, in all the senses which that term implies, having long been a nonresident of the Oregon of to-day, the present is the first occasion that I have had the privilege of attending any meeting of the class of which I am one. If I can contribute in any degree to the interest of this reunion of the early settlers of Oregon, it will be a source of pleasure and gratification to myself.

It is fitting that, as we descend the sunset side of the hill of life, we look back on the path we have come, recall its scenes of trial and toil, triumphs and failures, profiting by them if we may, entertaining ourselves with them if we can, and point out to those who shall succeed us such things as may be useful in guiding them, so that our experience may be a lesson as well as a fact.

The annals of Oregon are brief, and yet, brief as they are, already the mold of time has settled on much that is of the deepest interest, and we soon get back from the region of authenticated fact into that dim field of legend and story which has no positive confirmation and can only be judged by the probabilities—as the learned say, by the "higher criticism."

Froude, the English historian, once wrote that the best history of certain periods of the English nation known to our times was to be found in the plays of Shakespeare; thus admitting after he had written a dozen volumes to reproduce the history of his country, and its progress, that one who had undertaken to entertain his countrymen by its romances and its legends had been

more truthful than the serious chronicler of its career. What a confession to be compelled to make—that history itself as we have it is what some writers may assert is true, and induce his readers to believe. This, I think, is what Napoleon defined history to be, and there is much to justify the sarcastic observation. And it is because this is so largely true that such associations as the Oregon Pioneer Society find the necessity for their existence.

If the facts are to be preserved and perpetuated, those who know them are the authority to be called upon, and after that the competency and honesty of the witnesses are the only remaining questions in the problem. I have within the last few years given considerable attention to the earlier annals of Oregon, with a view to qualifying myself to treat with accuracy some periods in its past, and I have been amazed at the way in which professed historians have distorted, perverted and mistaken prominent facts and events in our comparatively brief provincial life. When the purpose of one writer is to present an entertaining account—to furnish pleasant reading; of another to champion some pet hobby of his own—to glorify, for instance, the missionaries of our early history, such as the sectarian writers on those bygone days have done; of another to eulogize the resources of the country, so as to invite population and money, we are led to a scrutiny of the purpose which drives the pen, and to judge of the matter accordingly.

When, however, we desire to know the truth as it is, we go down to the firesides of the people who survive the past in which they were actors, and from them who have no ambition or revenges to gratify, who have finished their work and are balancing their accounts for the final rendering, get the facts. Mistakes of memory there may be; the lingering prejudices of the hot days of life may color their stories and bid us sift with care their statements; but it is, after all, from this source we must obtain whatever of authentic history deserves to be recorded. It is because of this that I commend the method adopted by the author of that useful and yet most aggravating work on Oregon, Mr. Bancroft. He went to the proper sources for information, however faulty may have been in many instances the applications

he made of them or the conclusions he drew from them. With these general remarks commending the purposes of this Society, I pass to the particular topic upon which I intend to dwell—the institution of civil government and the formation of the Oregon state constitution.

I shall not in doing so attempt the duty of the historian and narrate that which you are presumed to know; this is a time when it is our pleasant duty to recall events once familiar; to revive the fading past by such references and allusions as will bring back the days that have gone and make each one's memory give up its treasures to the entertainment of the present. I shall have nothing new to tell; shall only strive to aid you in remembering what ought not to be forgotten.

One of the greatest poets in our language has immortalized the "Pleasures of Hope," and in our younger days his lines were a delight. Another great poet has sung of the "Pleasures of Memory"—both are beautiful; but for "Pioneers" of our years, the choice is for the latter Hope, for the morning of life—Memory for its decline. So let us indulge it.

In reviving these memories I may only be repeating what has been, no doubt, often spread before your meetings. I shall crave a few minutes to remark upon matters preliminary to the principal rehearsal.

The history of those times advises us that, though efforts had been made to institute some form of civil government prior to that date, nothing like an accepted system existed in Oregon until 1843. Nor do the scant records inform us with any accuracy of the precise process by which this system was initiated. We are told that wolves, bears, panthers and other animals then infesting the country had been making offensive war on the herds of the settlers, and that, at a meeting called to devise some method of "civilizing" these public enemies, the plan of a civil government was proposed for the "people of the colony." A single seed in good soil sometimes is the beginning of what proves a great industry. The harvests that whiten annually the fields of Oregon are traced to the planting of two grains of wheat by Dr. Mc-

Loughlin in his kitchen garden at Vancouver. A single acorn in time produces a grand forest, and if we credit the accounts which have come to us relating to the organization of the provisional government of Oregon, we will have to admit that it grew from a very obscure if not humble beginning.

The connection between the purposes of a public gathering to declare beasts of prey roaming the country without a collar outlaws, and authorizing and encouraging the infliction of capital punishment upon them, and the initiation of a civil government "for the people" is not very apparent or logical. It is true that men and wolves and other wild animals are somewhat alike in their tendency to prey on each other (as these hard times furnish ample verification), but the coupling of two such purposes as killing wild animals and instituting a civil code, under an announcement for considering but the first subject, provokes the suspicion that the friends of the "law and order" scheme played a little game of "sneak" when they sprung it at the time and under the circumstances stated.

If I may be permitted to suggest why the matter came about as we are told it did, I would present a solution which, while possibly erroneous, furnishes a plausible explanation. It is well known that the earlier settlers were composed of American missionaries and of British subjects--most of the latter being either formerly or then employes of the Hudson's Bay Company. There were these national, and, beside, underlying sectarian, differences, which made the elements difficult to harmonize. Neither was willing to submit to the rule of the other, and each preferred no government to one which it could not control. This had neutralized former attempts to organize government, and an elaborate protest on behalf of one of these classes of settlers against the scheme was presented at a meeting held to further its adoption. But there had been for some years prior a class of population quietly but steadily entering the country, which was as distinct from these two elements as they were from each other. These were hunters and trappers from the mountains, who, tiring of wild life, sought the green valley of the Willamette to find a

peaceful home; of border men who had roved over the country from the Mexican line to the cold waters of Alaska, and finally pitched their tents in this Western land; of adventurers and sailors of the seas, who, growing weary of drifting, desired to furl their canvas and anchor in the wilderness, where fern and forest gave them promise of shelter and a grave with a shade tree above it. Quietly, one by one, they had drifted in and settled down to the labors of peaceful life. Strangers to each other and settling in an irregular way, they were an unorganized element, and not regarded as of sufficient importance to arrest the attention of those who had taken on themselves the duty of representing "the people." When we classify those who set this scheme in order, we will find that, aside from a few of the more liberal of the two old divisions, it was done by this independent element, which, finding the power in their hands, proceeded to its exercise. Forms and precedents they disregarded, and a meeting to engage in a "wolf hunt" was with such men as suitable for a constitutional convention as if it had been called by proclamation of the president or the queen. So, without prelude or precedent, these wanderers hoisted their flag and set their craft upon the current, leaving the amazed leaders of the past to either follow or be left adrift. Such measures were taken by meetings held before that, on the 5th of July, 1843, the organic law of the provisional government—as it has been called—was reported for adoption by the settlers assembled at Champoeg, and the "buckskin government" of Oregon began its career.

One notable proof of what I have said as to the element entitled to be credited with its creation is the preponderance of the independent class as its representatives. While Lee, Abernethy, McLoughlin and Blanchett, and the old leaders and monitors of their people opposed it, we find the independent men, Meek, O'Neil, Newell, Dougherty, Thompson, Shortess, Sidney Smith, Hill, Le Breton, Gray, Gale, Matthieu, Courtney Walker and others taking almost entire charge of administrative affairs.

Thus I assert that the provisional government of Oregon was a child born at a "wolf hunt," had for its parents men whose

education in government had been the experience which came of hunting, trapping and travel, and little else; men whose apparel was the dressed hide of mountain deer, who were as free as the air they breathed, and as brave as the spirit that rode upon its wintry storms. The fundamental truths of liberty they knew, and whether they drew them from the Magna Charta of Englishmen or from the American bill of rights, they stated them in a form which all could understand, and none were disposed to dispute.

For years, modified and amended to meet the necessities of the times, this little adventurer upon the sea of civil government sailed upon the tide of Oregon and successfully fulfilled its purpose. Opposition soon ceased to be heard, and its beneficence was admitted by all. When the settlers were assailed by savages and the war with the Cayuses in 1847-48 tested its strength, it bravely rode the breakers and proved its capacity for times of war as well as the milder days of peace. It was the creature of necessity, a child of adversity and a refuge for hope. It accomplished its purpose, preserved order, protected the people, and when its work was done it gracefully passed into history leaving behind it only blessings upon its memory. Of some of those who administered it I shall have occasion to speak later, and so omit references to individuals at this part of my remarks. It is not my design to devote any considerable time to the territorial government, which, by the act of Congress of August, 1848, superseded the one to which I have made reference. It came after years of petition and memorial had been poured into the ears of an indifferent national Congress, and was accepted rather than welcomed. We had by that time—1849—learned confidence in our own power to take care of ourselves, and as we had prayed in vain for the fostering care of the great republic till we felt little need for it, we had grown into the same indifference which it had been our fate to endure in times of sternest need.

It brought security of land tenures, and little else that we were thankful for. It brought governors, judges and other officers from the "civilized" states beyond the mountains, and set

us to quarreling about men and politics—mostly men—which were of no real importance to the mass of the people. Even so petty a question as that of the location of the capital became such a pestilential cause of dispute that it required an act of Congress to settle it. It was so fruitful of consequences that even the courts of justice were involved in the discussion. No old settler will easily forget the days when Kinney, Brownfield, Wait and Mattock, members elected to that body, tried to find the legislative assembly at Oregon City, and Columbia Lancaster held sessions of the "one-horse council" at the same place, in obedience to the decision of the majority of the supreme court. Nor the bitter discussion of the newspapers when the names of O. C. Pratt and John P. Gaines were fed to the flames in the editorial pages of the Oregonian and the Statesman of those days. Some of us still remember, when this "tempest in a teapot" was at its height, how the little country school teacher from Yamhill, afterward the editor of the Oregon Argus, convulsed the community with his "Breakspeare" satire on the current topic of that day. It furnished about the only streak of sunshine that shone out of the whole gloomy and passionate controversy.

Nor during this period can we forget how the capital, after being moved from Oregon City to Salem, was again lifted metaphorically from its foundations and sent to Corvallis, and afterward returned to Salem, and again to Eugene City, by popular vote, finally settling down at Salem. The Indian war of 1855 put a stop to these unseemly controversies over trifles, and by introducing more important matters stilled the tumult of faction and discord among the people.

Ah! and we should not forget that when the most formidable Indian war that has ever assailed any colony of American people, when ten tribes of Indians were in arms in the territories of Oregon and Washington under the leadership of Kamiakin, old Shasta John and Yellow Serpent, and their thousands of warriors, carrying fire and blood from the summits of the Siskiyous to the British line, and from the Rocky mountains to where the tides of the Pacific meet the waters that rush to the cascades of the Co-

lumbia; I say we can never forget that when our Oregon and Washington volunteers were sleeping without tents or shelter and living on horsebeef "straight" to protect our people, the soldiers of the United States army, whose duty it was to defend and protect us from those savage dangers, were snugly housed in winter quarters at Fort Vancouver, and their commander, General Wool, was writing letters to the war department at Washington, branding us as barbarians and plunderers, who had provoked an Indian war in order to make money out of it. (Applause.)

These are cruel memories to recall, and I recall them to justify my assertion that the darkest period in the history of Oregon was that which intervened between the days when the old "buckskin" government disappeared in 1849, and the date when the territorial government was laid in its grave, and the people resumed the control of their own affairs. It is no wonder that with these experiences of a territorial government, after nearly eight years of endurance, the freemen of the territory, weak as we were in population and poor in purse, gladly sought relief in statehood, great as its burdens promised to be to such a community. No view of this period can be so cursory in its nature as to justify omitting notice of a political cabal popularly known by its opponents as the "Salem ring," and dubbed by my ancient friend from Yamhill, Andy Shuck, the "Salem cli-que" (kli-kue).

The older generation will recollect the "kitchen" cabinet at Washington in the days of Jackson and Van Buren, when Francis P. Blair, Amos Kendall and old John Ritchie, with Senator Benton, made the laws and regulations for their party; they will recollect the old "Albany regency," when W. L. Marcy, Dean Richmond and Peter Gagger pulled the political wires not only for the Empire state, but for a wider field; so Oregon, instead of its "kitchen cabinet" or its "Albany regency," had its "Salem ring," which came to be credited with all the good and charged with all the evil in either legislation or administration for many years.

Who composed this potential political machine I have never yet been able to definitely ascertain. The Oregon Statesman was

supposed to be its organ when its orders were announced, but its personnel could never be accurately defined. Asahel Bush, L. F. Grover, Ben Harding of Marion county, J. W. Nesmith and Fred Waymire of Polk, M. P. Deady of Yamhill, S. F. Chadwick of Douglas, J. W. Drew of Umpqua, R. P. Boise of Salem, George L. Curry of Clackamas, Tichener of Coos, and Delazon Smith of Linn, were all in the supposed magic circle, where measures were originated, party policy ordained and political honors and officers decided upon and distributed. It seemed to be a sort of ideal being in politics, something like a corporation in business affairs. It was a sort of political electrical force; it was never seen, but it made its presence known by its effects. Its decrees were as the thoughts of Jupiter; they made and extinguished the political fortunes of individuals as the lightning rives the oak, or the sunshine makes the plant to grow.

Without personnel that could be identified, without responsibility that could be fixed, above all law, and yet behind and overmastering everything in the political field, it was for nearly a decade as absolutely the ruling power at the time when the constitutional convention was chosen as if it had it by hereditary right in a land of kingcraft. When J. C. Avery rebelled against it and set the capitol on wheels to the town which he had founded, his political decapitation was decreed. When old Andy Shuck, the democratic "warhorse" of Yamhill, joined the insurgents, and took the field against his invisible but invincible foe, his sword was shivered, and he fell beneath the stroke, "a martyr to reform." When James J. Kelly, with the military glory of a successful campaign in the Yakima war, the idol of his soldier boys and of the common people, became a candidate of the bolting democracy, in 1858, and threw himself against the "regulars," he went to inglorious defeat; and so one by one each deserter from the banner of the approved and orthodox partisan platform was crucified for his heresy.

No rule was more strict or exacting. It enforced its edicts with cruel and unfailing punishment; it demanded obedience that tolerated no hesitation, and was a stranger to all mercy. As the times changed and circumstances formed new political alliances

in the first era of statehood, it disintegrated and went into liquidation, but even in this stage of its career it was the political executioner of almost every soldier in its former ranks who had the temerity to question its "right divine." Even Delazon Smith, L. F. Grover and Joseph Lane, who had been its champions for years, and its beneficiaries too, were thrown overboard in the storm that wrecked it, and while the survivors of the old crew took many of them refuge in the new republican ship, their comrades of the old days were left to the storms of the future, from which but few have escaped.

To be fair, however, as I wish to be, I say now, in looking back upon the years of political rule in Oregon under the Salem clique, I believe it to have been a good one for the masses of the people.

Taxes were low, economy was practiced in public expenditures, and no reproach of corruption ever tainted its administration. If it exacted political obedience, it equally required the most rigid integrity. It demanded unhesitating service to itself, but it allowed no lapse from equally faithful duty to the people. It rewarded its friends, and it was as merciless to traitors, whether to itself or the masses. Economy, integrity and loyalty to its cause were the signs under which it conquered, and if the Salem clique profited and prospered by these means, who shall say they did not deserve it? And when you contrast the burdens placed upon the people of that day with those they now bear, who can justly raise the voice in criticism of its rules? For one who was not of it or for it, I am not its accuser.

I am reminded as I close this long discussion that I intended to revive some memories of the convention which framed the Oregon state constitution, and to that I now proceed.

Nearly forty years ago there assembled in the city of Salem a convention whose members had been chosen by the people to frame and present for their adoption a state constitution. In the lives of nations and states forty years occupy but a trifling space of time. In the life of man it embraces most that is of value. I make this remark because as I look around me today I see but a

few of those who then faced the presiding officer of that body of the state "builders," and while some yet remain, the roll-call for far the most of them has been heard for the last time.

Of the sixty members composing that convention a large majority have passed off the stage, while their work with little change still stands. I was the youngest member of that body and while it was in session I completed my 24th year.

The body contained thirty-three farmers, five miners, eighteen lawyers, two newspaper editors and one civil engineer.

The first thing that would strike a latter-day observer upon the composition of this assemblage is the almost total absence of what is now called the "business element." Nothing more thoroughly indicates the changes going on in the governing power in this country, than the active intrusion of what is now termed "business men" into the management of public and political affairs.

The three judges of the supreme court of the territory were enrolled among the members of the convention. Of those who have served in public stations that convention has since furnished four members of the United States senate, two governors of the state, two members of the national house of representatives, one United States district judge, five judges of the supreme court of the state, one foreign minister, and one attorney-general of the United States.

Others have been members of the state legislature and nearly all took prominent part in public affairs for many of the years which succeeded the formation of the state. I shall not attempt to give any detailed account of the deliberations of the convention. It met on the 17th of August, 1857, in what was then the new courthouse, standing near the center of the town of Salem, and adjourned on the 18th of September following, and submitted its labors to a vote of the people for ratification or rejection, and with it a schedule which submitted to a separate vote the questions of whether the state should admit or prohibit slavery, and admit or exclude free negroes from residence in the state.

For the constitution there were returned 7195 votes, against it 3125 votes. For slavery there were 2645 votes, against slavery 7727 votes; for free negroes 1801 votes, against 8645 votes. The constitution was adopted, slavery was prohibited, and free negroes were excluded.

It was clear that while the new state had no relish for the "peculiar institution" it had equally no desire to furnish a refuge for the colored man in any condition. The mingling of races in any form in this state was objectionable, and the vote was an emphatic expression of public sentiment which protested against any association of the Caucasian race with any other.

Some believers in the doctrine of abstract human rights interpret this vote against admission of free negroes as an exhibition of the prejudices which prevailed against the African who was not a slave, but I have never so regarded it. It was largely an expression against any mingling of the white with any of the other races, and upon a theory that as we had yet no considerable representation of other races in our midst, we should do nothing to encourage their introduction. We were building a new state on virgin ground; its people believed it should encourage only the best elements to come to us, and discourage others.

When I go back to the discussions which occupied the longest time in the convention and most earnest consideration, I am reminded that the articles which commanded the most serious deliberation were those which pertained to corporations and internal improvements and public expenses. Under charters granted by the territorial legislature we had some harsh experience; we had had charters for railroads built by private parties. The "Barlow road," by which emigrants crossed the Cascade mountains to reach the Willamette valley, was one of the sore subjects in those days. Every immigrant who found his way into the Valley by that road became a protestant against that tax of $5 on his wagon and team, for the privilege of driving over what he generally denounced as the worst road ever traveled by wheels. Two or three years before the sittings of the convention a line of tele-

graph had been projected to run from Portland through the counties of Washington, Yamhill and Polk to Corvallis in Benton county. No more premature improvement, considering the condition of the country at that date, could have been suggested, and yet this one pushed by men who had no money of their own to hazard, but would profit by the employment it would give them in its construction, was favorably received by the people who had never enjoyed the privileges of a telegraph line, and had no use for one, and they subscribed liberally to the stock of the "mushroom corporation."

Gathered at the sessions of that convention were not only the members, most of whom had been early settlers, but many others of the leading men of the state were present, contributing to its information and taking part "on the side" as we say, in its work. Of the old missionary brigades there were David Leslie, whose remarkable appearance had become almost a part of the Capital city; A. F. Waller, who in his declining years, was still vigorous in intellect and strong in council. There was our jolly friend, "Sheep Shaw," as we used to call him, and Joseph Watt, with his woolen-mill experiment; and how he used to appeal to the members of the convention to aid him in providing material for his dye-room, those surviving can testify. About the lobby and committee rooms were Asahel Bush, of the Statesman; James W. Nesmith, superintendent of Indian affairs; Ben Harding, Joseph G. Wilson and Rev. Thos. H. Pearne. One day old Donald Manson, who had been thirty years and more an exile from the Scotish glen where he was born, hidden in the mountains of Oregon, strolled in to look on the "state builders." He was a grand man, dignified in manner as a "prince of the blood," and looking the hero and the pioneer that he was in fact.

The committee on the judiciary had George H. Williams, Cyrus Olney, and our friend, R. P. Boise, on its list. The Bill of Rights provoked much discussion and one Marple of Coos county, having a large volume of voice with a tendency to its constant use, was nicknamed the "Lion from Coos"—because of his roar.

M. P. Deady was president of the convention and was an excellent presiding officer, dignified, prompt and fair.

It is not my purpose to refer to individuals at any length—especially those now living, but of the dead I may properly speak, for their fame is common property with the survivors; so my references shall be confined mainly to them. First, I may speak of Judge M. P. Deady, not at length, but briefly, as most of you knew him, on account not only of his connection with the growth of this state, but also by his intimate relations with this Society. He came overland in 1849 and located in my own old county of Yamhill. John E. Lyle was then teaching school in Lafayette and Deady became an assistant. He, I remember, was active in promoting a debating society during that winter, and the first time I ever head him was in a discussion, in which he and our friend S. M. Gilmore were champions of the respective sides. I was then charmed with his easy and copious delivery and his elegant diction, and I further recollect that the umpires decided against him much to my surprise.

The next summer he was a clerk and salesman in the store of Burnett & Cook, at Lafayette. It soon became known that he was by profession a lawyer, and when a term of court came on nearly a year after his arrival, he was admitted to practice and thenceforward was known in his professional character. The same year he was elected to the legislative assembly of the territory, and the next year to the territorial council to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of my father—Dr. James McBride. In 1853 Deady was appointed one of the associate justices of the supreme court of the territory, which position, with a slight interval of a few months, he occupied till the adoption of the state constitution, and subsequently became United States district judge for the district of Oregon.

He frequently took part in the debates, vacating the chair for that purpose, and was one of the most observed of all who composed its membership. He had splendid presence, a rapid, clear style of address, speaking, as Malone, the stenographer, used to say, "like a locomotive going at full speed," and knew when he

had exhausted his subject. Deady and Waymire, of Polk ("old Fred" as he was called), agreed on the question of corporations. Waymire was their sworn enemy. He had been victimized by the Portland & Corvallis Telegraph Company. He had subscribed to its stock, and when it failed and its creditors began to look for the assets and found them gone, they brought suit against Waymire and others for the penalty which the statute affixed to the stockholder of an insolvent corporation. He had fought it in court and was beaten and had to make good his share of the debts of the pestilential concern. The memory of this was a bitter one and his aversion to corporations was exaggerated by his personal grievances. He knew what he wanted and that was first, no corporations for any purpose, and next, if we had to have the plague among us let it be limited to the lowest point which permitted its existence. So he applied to Judge Deady for help and with Waymire's grievances against the Telegraph Company, and Deady's skill in limiting their powers and abuses, the monopoly beggers in the Oregon convention had a hard struggle. I remember one or two of Judge Deady's speeches on the question, and they were almost agrarian in tone and philosophy. He denounced the traffickers in "goods, wares, and merchandise" as the vampires of any community and the spoilers of the masses. He had learned in his experience of the primitive life of Oregon to love the soil, and to despise all pursuits that did not take their rise in it. He said "the man who settled up in the hills and watched the growth of his calves and colts, chased the flying deer as it bounded among the mountains, and carried his game home on his shoulders at nightfall, lived nearer to God than any wage-earner who toiled in shop or mill at a daily stipend, to fill the pockets of the president of some corporation." Commercial life and commercial methods had their full share of his criticism. Integrity that was limited to the terms of the writing in the draft of a promissory note, was what was called "commercial honesty," but that sense of right between man and man which needed no hand to define it or fix its requirements, was being discarded and forgotten. The commercial man had to have a receipt for all that

he paid and take an obligation for all that was due him, or be laughed at for putting his trust in princes, whose title was evidenced by fine clothes and not in their principles"—with much of the same sort which I do not remember. Those who knew Judge Deady in after years, moving in his lordly style among his fellows, or the impressive decorum of his court, would have been amazed at the philosophy of his earlier life. In the convention he did noble work. His mind was constructive and his policy was of the kind that built and conserved for the future.

Among the lawyers was one who afforded much amusement. He was a man of limited early opportunities but application to his profession had given him good standing with his brethren, while he retained many traces of his rustic life. Thomas J. Dryer, the editor of the Oregonian, took much satisfaction in annoying Colonel Kelsey and saying things to arouse his "friend from Missouri," as he styled the latter. Kelsey grew tired of this continued reference to himself and one day he rose with his eyes glistening with feeling and began a reply to his "neighbor from Multnomah." "Why is the gentleman all the time fighting at me and pitching into me?" he said. "I seem to be his pet game. He treats me as if I were his enemy." By the time Kelsey had uttered a few words his anger began to abate and the ludicrous side of the matter dawned on him and he proceeded to tell a story. He said that the delegate from Portland reminded him of an incident of his early life in Missouri. "When I was a boy we had a big pasture into which the horses not used in farm work were turned loose to graze. One old horse as the result of hard usage had become afflicted with a sore back. This misfortune attracted those scavengers of the bird tribe known as the magpie, which attacks the exposed flesh of living animals. The old horse soon learned the ways of his enemy, and when he was attacked, his safety was in retiring hastily to the thicket and using the brambles to brush his tormentor away. So much had he been annoyed by these pests," said Kelsey, "that if he saw a dove flying across the sky, though it were five hundred yards high, he broke wildly for the brush. So it is with my friend from Portland, no matter

with what innocent purpose I rise to my feet on this floor, he thinks he is going to be attacked, and strikes out wildly in defence when I am only playing dove with him." Kelsey was a warm-hearted man and has often been in the public service.

T. J. Dryer, then editor and proprietor of the Oregonian, was a prominent man in the convention. He was in the prime of life; was a ready and forcible speaker; was a Whig in politics and a partisan always. He had a small fund of ammunition in debate and made up in boldness of manner and in daring sarcasm for other deficiencies. He prided himself on his rivalry of Delazon Smith, the democratic orator of the body, and was much on the floor for a mere amusement. On one occasion Smith had advocated some measure with great fervor and based his argument upon his assumed personal knowledge of the subject. Dryer rose to reply and with a merry twinkle in his eye, he began by quoting from Mother Goose, and applying it to Smith:

"There's none so well as the farmer knows
How oats, peas, beans and barley grows."

The grammar of the quotation was defective but the sentiment struck home and the house roared, while Smith had to join in the merriment.

It was early discovered that a few gentlemen of glib tongue and ambitious to become leaders in debate, were inclined to occupy a good deal of needless time in airing their gifts, and about the close of the first week it was proposed to limit debate to fifteen-minute speeches on any subject. At this Smith, Dryer and other gentlemen of oratorical powers revolted. Dryer insisted that Smith's oratorical machine could not be got into "good working order under fifteen minutes"; that it would occupy at least as much time for him to "slow down" to a close, and that if he were not allowed more time, he would never be able to get into motion, or any time to close, with no interval for the real speech. "Such a rule would close the mouth of the great democratic orator of this body, a calamity which could not be endured without ruin and dismay to the great party in control." Smith retorted with

much merriment and addressing himself to the merits of the motion to limit debate, he alluded with some severity to "dumb dogs who can't bark" and seem determined that no other should have a hearing no matter what he might have had to say.

This remark brought to his feet a man who had hitherto been silent—J. H. Reed, a lawyer from Jackson county. Reed was full of wit, drollery and satire. He made the "funny speech" of the session, and proved that if he had favored limit upon debate, it was not because he lacked ability to engage in it. Reed came to be a useful member and lived on the practice of his profession for many years in Portland subsequently.

In the discussion of the article on the judiciary some asperity grew up which had application on account of a criminal trial which had taken place not long before in Lincoln county. A man had shot another and Smith had been the principal attorney for the prosecution. The man was acquitted to his disgust because the judge presiding at the trial (Hon. George H. Williams) as Smith believed, had instructed the jury in such a way as to compel that result. He insisted that the jury should find the law as well as the facts in criminal cases and the debate had a personal as well as a legal flavor. Judge Williams was the abler lawyer and his triumph over his more pretentious opponent was quite complete, but the fight was a lively one, as old Fred Waymire remarked, "the fur flies when Williams and Smith get at it."

The delegate with the longest record as a resident of Oregon was A. L. Lovejoy, who was made the temporary president of the convention. Lovejoy came overland in 1842 with Lansford W. Hastings and Meldorum Crawford of Dr. White's party. He was persuaded by Whitman to go back with him the same year, and made with the missionary that famous winter trip which has grown so grandly into romance if not into cold history. He was a pioneer in the just sense of the word. He had worn his suit of buckskin; mended his moccasins with awl and whang; had slept with the earth for his bed and the sky for his blanket and his saddle for a pillow, while his rifle was his defense and his horse his companion; stood guard to keep at bay the savage

foe, was a prisoner in their hands and ransomed from the bloody Sioux, and faced death when the encounter if fatal, would have made his body the spoil of wolves. He had helped to give form and vitality to the old provisional government of Oregon, and been twice defeated as its choice for governor, by a majority so small that it was equivalent in honor to an election; and preserved through a long life the respect and confidence of all.

Umpqua county sent two men whose names still live in the memories of the earlier settlers so long as worth and merit are honored by their survivors—Jesse Applgate and Levi Scott.

Applegate has had much notice in the past reunions of this society, that anything I might say would only be a repetition of what others have so often and better said before, so I content myself with a few words in connection with his share in the convention which framed the constitution.

Most of you know the style of man he was. Intellectually he had the tastes and accomplishments of the scholar combined with those of the frontiersman. It distressed him to have his neighbors near enough to hear them chop firewood, or the crowing of their chickens as the sun rose, in the morning. Yet his books and his surveying instruments were an ever present delight. He was a recluse without being an ascetic, a philosopher always interested in public affairs, yet never either politician or statesman. When he came to the convention he had a complete draft of a state constitution in hand, so harmoniously constructed, that any interference with one part destroyed the value of the whole. He had elaborated it with care and to him it was perfect. He presented his "pearl" before the "swine" composing the convention and found it assailed from every direction. Literally they "turned" and "rent" him. Ready and gifted in the use of his pen, Applegate had no tact for extempore debate. He was unable to defend his own work from the petty attacks of smaller minds. He took the floor on one or two occasions, but retired disgusted with himself that he could not do his own thoughts justice. It angered him to see superficial and flippant men rush into debate with success, while he with "thoughts that

breathed and words that burned" in his own soul, was condemned to silence. He had ridden from his home in Yoncalla to the convention on a mule—the horseback method being the one by which most of the members were compelled to travel at the time. One morning about a week after the convention had been organized, I saw him leading his mule saddled up to the rack in front of the old "Mansion House" where he had taken quarters. Some one inquired where he was going, and he replied that he was going home. "I am either too far above those fellows yonder," pointing to the convention hall, "or they are too far above me. I can be of no use here, and am off for Yoncalla"—and go he did. He did not again appear in the oenvention though his name was afterwards affixed to the constitution. His colleague Levi Scott was of tougher material. He was of the Applegate party which explored the southern route from Fort Hall via the Humboldt and Rogue River valleys, by which many of the emigrants of 1846 traveled to the Willamette. Disregarding the insults and injustice which his generous labors to those emigrants did not suffice to prevent, he stayed with the delayed trains till they were safely within the great valley. Of excellent judgment, large experience, with a temperament that no words could disturb, and with a purpose that nothing could turn aside, Levi Scott was a splendid specimen of the true pioneer. I do not recollect that he ever made a speech or a motion during the session, but he was always present and probably no one member missed roll call fewer times than this quiet but faithful and modest man.

There was another quiet but constant man in his duties in the convention from my own county, R. C. Kinney, of Yamhill; "Uncle Bob," as we familiarly called him. He was an emigrant of 1847, was a large dignified man, and those who remember our old friend Robert Newell, will recall the resemblance of these two pioneers in personal appearance.

Kinney was as stubborn as he was big, and when in the fierce discussion about the location of the seat of government in 1852-53 the members of the legislature decided each for himself which place—Oregon City or Salem—was the capital, and re-

paired to the place which he regarded as the proper one, Kinney was found at Oregon City with a powerless minority, while Deady went to Salem.

He was inimical to the "Salem Clique" of those historic days, and though he claimed allegiance to the democracy he was nominated as a delegate to the convention on a ticket in opposition to the regular democratic party. He never made speeches, and, while social among friends, was a modest undemonstrative man, who had great good sense character that won the confidence of all. He was an example of that class who without brilliant qualities impressed all who know him with his value as a citizen, and his capacity for usefulness in public affairs. He was full of spirit and enterprise and his name may be remembered with honor for his public and private virtues.

I have not time to recall on this occasion with any ample reference the memory of Delazon Smith. A few words must suffice gladly as I would devote more now to this almost matchless orator. He was then I should judge about fifty years of age and in the full possession of his extraordinary powers. He had the ambition which inspires statesmen and the abilities of which statesmen are made. Nature had endowed him with intellectual gifts of generous order and a facility of speech that made him command attention anywhere. That he was a fierce partisan is no impeachment of his endowments. For platform address Delazon Smith had few superiors and almost as few equals. Colonel E. D. Baker, of national fame as an orator, declared that the democratic party of that day on the Pacific coast had no equal to its Oregon champion. He knew the thoughts and sympathies of the multitude of common people and how to appeal to them. He knew the value of organization in current politics, and he laid great stress on party fealty, and made enemies of all the lukewarm leaders of his party. For power of statement, strength and skill in argument, keen and merciless sarcasm applied to the cause of an opponent, the orator who could match him with the masses was a great man. He was not always elegant but he was

always forcible. His addresses were never filled with commonplaces—they had the ring of true coin and every sentence bore the stamp of the master. In the canvass of 1858 I heard him daily on the platform for nearly three weeks speaking in company with his associate and opponents from the same stand. His superiority to all others in breadth, scope and facility was beyond all question.

A mere youth twenty-five years of age, I was one of this electioneering gang, and as a young republican I dwelt much on the subserviency of the supreme court of the United States to the slave power of the south in its Dred Scott decision. I drove my lance against that august body of judges with all the enthusiasm of youthful daring and firm conviction.

Smith once in a while turned aside from his argument with Colonel Kelly, the candidate of the bolting democracy, to give a little attention to his "young friend from Yamhill." He said, with that lofty irony which he could so well command at need, "How badly Chief Justice Taney and Wayne and Daniels and their associates of the highest judicial tribunal in the country will feel, when they know that the learned young jurist from Yamhill county, Oregon, dissents from their decisions in the Dred Scott case. They will spend sleepless nights wondering how to answer this bold young juris-consult hailing from the deep woods of Oregon—this John the Baptist crying out against them from the western wilderness." One of my friends, then a youth, only a short time since, reminded me of this scene, and how his sympathies went out to me as he listened to the scoring to which Smith subjected me, at a meeting held in a big barn in that classic settlement designated in those days as "Hardscrabble" on the Mollalla river.

Smith was elected one of our first United States senators. But the breach in the ranks of the democratic party of the new state prevented his re-election and that bitter strife which finally in 1860 drove the party from power, left Smith among the stranded politicians of that period. With it withered all of his hopes for

future success. All through that memorable campaign Smith's voice rang out in advocacy of the old party. He foresaw if Breckinridge and Lane were defeated war would probably result, and he strove to ward off that danger. But even in democratic Oregon the current was too strong and Abraham Lincoln, the republican, by a division of the opposition, secured the electoral vote of the state in 1860.

Defeated and disappointed at the result, with no hope for the future, and the cloud of war rising to darken the land, Smith returned to his home and in a few brief weeks passed away. Thus ended the life of one of Oregon's most gifted men, and was extinguished one of the most brilliant lights that has ever flashed upon the horizon of the state.

I would gladly mention others whose labors were useful in that convention, but your patience will not permit. There were Farrar, brilliant, gifted, but purposeless. Logan, bred to the forum, skillful in his profession as a lawyer, a cynic in his life. Olney whose intellect was as subtle as metaphysics itself. Old Paul Brattain, of Lane county, with his long white hair and thin lips testifying that if any "boodler" ever got his hands into the treasury of the future state of Oregon, he would have to accomplish it despite the grim watch-dog who set himself to place guards and bolts to prevent it.

There was Richard Miller, of Marion; Starkweather, of Clackamas—earnest, active and tireless, making few speeches but failing in no labor; and I may say that throughout the unnamed list were men of intelligence, integrity and patriotism. They were the cream of the land and represented its best intelligence with credit to themselves and honor to the people.

It would be a pleasing task had I the time to allude to others of the "old guard" who first entered upon the soil of this beautiful state and wrought out its future.

In that list were the names of Joseph L. Meek and Robert Newell, who brought the first wagon that ever measured the road from Fort Hall to the Columbia. I would like to speak of

Ewing Young—the bold adventurer—by whose grave I have often stood and mused—whose proud courage and tenacity enabled him to defy even the Hudson's Bay Company's power, and plant himself firmly in the wild but beautiful Chehalem valley.

In this list of worthy names we can recall Joseph Gale, James O'Neil, David Leslie and Medorem Crawford.

Michael La Frambois, one of Astor's men, who came with the Hunt party in 1811, never left the country, and lived at the mouth of the Chehalem, where I saw him many times before his death. There in the little settlement planted by Young were Jack Larison, Courtney M. Walker and Baptiste De Gier. There were George Gay and Dr. Bailey, who came in the "thirties," and were always at the front in all public affairs. Of Rev. Harvey Clarke, who founded Forest Grove, and of his associate John Smith Griffin, of Tualatin plains, and of their dutiful and eventful lives it would be a pleasure to speak and to praise. Among these soldiers of the primitive times was my old friend Thomas J. Shadden, of Yamhill, who starting from Arkansas in 1842 pushed his way across the plains to Oregon, went to California in 1843, and back to Oregon in 1850, and has made it his final home. There were Archibald McKinley, Francis Fletcher, Amos Cook, George La Roque, F. X. Matthieu, M. G. Foisy. Later came the Applegates, the Burnetts, the Hembrees, Waldos, the Gilliams and Joseph Watt, and that long list of noble and intelligent frontiersmen who builded quickly upon the slight foundations laid by their predecessors.

It would be a labor of love to speak of Whitman and tell the story of his useful and grand life, of Spaulding and of the sacrifices of these men and their colleagues, Walker and Eells, who so long held their isolated places up under the cliffs of the continental range in the valley of Spokane. Grand, great heroic men they were, and the personal sacrifices made by their wives and families cannot be told in words—for men suffered less in those days than women, as all know.

How much of life and effort was wasted by missionaries in a

cause that brought them only struggle without apparent fruition we cannot estimate. The lives and labors of these men in the beautiful west are an inspiration to lofty deeds that those who live in other lands may not surpass. Oregon cannot appropriate their fame alone. From the summit of the Rockies to the western sea, every child born whether in the Oregon of today, or in the state of Washington, Idaho, or Montana—of the western slope—inherits their name and fame. As time passes and these historic figures stand beautified in its purple haze, their outlines grow more impressive to us and to our children. Mount Hood, with its solemn white summit piercing the skies, is not more firmly fixed in the admiration of the people who dwell beneath its everlasting grandeur, than the memories of these pioneers in our affections. Time cannot erase them while on

"Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread."

If time permitted it would be a pleasing duty to contrast the Oregon of today with that Oregon which we entered long years ago—but your patience forbids the retrospect. Here is the same land, the same climate and resources, many—thank heaven—of the same people—still more of their descendants. We who are passing beyond the useful time of life, must soon resign in favor of those who have come later. Our own work may have been often crude and imperfect, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that much of it still survives the criticisms of time and the test of trial. We feel that we might have builded better, we know that other communities have done worse, and so without undue self-adulation we may eulogize those who have left their fame with us, and trust that our children will remember kindly that which may be worthy of praise in ourselves, when we, too, shall to them be only a memory.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY HON. JOHN BURNETT, CORVALLIS.

Another year has gone by; the mark on the dial of time indicates that another mile-stone has been passed in the history of the pioneers of Oregon, and we are again assembled, by the hospitable invitation of the good people of Portland, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the organization of the Pioneer Association of the state of Oregon.

What memories surround this quarter centennial? The Pioneers living and dead, the most respected, most honored, most loved, of any class of people within the borders of this great state. When asked concerning her jewels, the illustrious mother of the herioc Graechi, pointing to her sons, nobly responded, "These are my jewels."

So may Oregon, in the light of their past history and grand achievements, point to her pioneers and say with the pride of Cornelia, "These are my jewels." At each recurring anniversary we will gather together around the camp fire, rehearse the stories of the past, of the plains and the sea, renew old acquaintances, form new friendships, and live over again the scenes and incidents of pioneer days; drop a tear to the memory of those who shared the vicissitudes, hardships, and pleasures of pioneer days with us, but who have preceded us in the journey to the great beyond. Let us cultivate not only the intellect, but the feelings and sentiments also. Clear, cool reason and philosophy without the genial warmth of kind sympathies. may have polish, but it is like the polish of an iceberg, whose beauty gleams in the sun, only to chill the summer breezes that are wafted past it, freighting them with destructive frosts to blight the land on which they

breathe. It is the feelings and passions which warm up the deep sympathies of the human soul and stir it to generous action and magnetize it, so that others are attracted to it, and warmed and animated by it. It is this that causes to grow along the paths of life those social joys that ease the burdens of life and fertilize human heart, making it productive of those genial sympathies that spring up around us like flowers along the course of a fertilizing river. We will renew our allegiance to those sentiments and feelings which animated the pioneers and their descendants in their love of country and determination to make the American name known and honored throughout the civilized world. Like Hamilcar of old we will bring our children to the altar and learn them to drink deep of the fountain of love of country—a country established and made glorious by our revolutionary sires, and made a living reality in Oregon by our pioneers, who, by their genius and patriotism, established a government the description of which was immortalized at Gettysburg by Lincoln the Great in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," words that will live as long as the English language is spoken—"A government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The annual meeting and reunion of our pioneers, like the celebration of the Fourth of July, will never grow old, or go out of date, for when we are dead and gone, our children and our children's children, will remember and celebrate it, as is the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock by the people of New England.

There is much in the early settlement of the American colonies similar to that of the early settlement of Oregon, and when we read the following account of the privations and hardships attending the early emigration and settlement of New England drawn by the master hand of Daniel Webster, we are reminded of many of the scenes and incidents of the early settlement of Oregon: "We listen to the chiefs in council, we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whispering of youthful impatience and we see what a painter

of our own has also represented by his pencil; chilled and shivering childhood, homeless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our own blood almost freezes. The general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped, their deep solicitude for dangers to come; their trust in heaven, their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation—all these seem to belong to this place and to be present upon this occasion to fill us with reverence and admiration."

Much has been said and written concerning the motives that induced the pioneers to come to Oregon, and perhaps no better answer could be given than that by Colonel Nesmith in his address to this society in 1876; but it seems to me that it is not so very material as to what motives actuated the different individuals who joined the procession, as it is, that they came and that they belonged to the tribe of Eli who always "get there." I remember well that when early in May, 1849, our train left the Missouri river heading westward we soon began to meet some discouraged emigrants, who had turned back, and in fact this was of almost daily occurrence until we reached Fort Laramie. But the pioneers looked ahead, not back; they pressed on; they possessed the courage of their convictions, and, like Hohab of old, they journeyed to the land of promise, and were able to announce to the world, as Caesar did to the Roman senate, "Veni, Vidi, Vici." Whatever might have been the motives that induced the early settlers of our own state to come here when they did, their labors resulted in acquiring and holding one of the most valuable portions of the American Union, and their efforts in that behalf will ever be remembered by a grateful posterity. Their heroic action will grow brighter by lapse of time, and their names will be engraved upon the hearts of the rising generation "with letters of gold in pictures of silver." The value of this great state to the American Union and the home builders of our nation cannot be estimated—it is simply beyond human computation; but the pioneers were not allowed to enjoy in peace the country they

had journeyed so far to possess. In addition to the hardships and toil they had undergone to reach Oregon, they had to face the ancient and relentless foe of the white man—the ruthless savage—whose tactics were deceit and treachery, and whose mode of warfare was murder and rapine. The Indian wars of Oregon form a part of her history, and her battle-fields attest the bravery and endurance of the hardy pioneer soldiers of Oregon and Washington. All honor to the Indian war veterans.

The idea that the great Northwest belong by destiny and the right of eminent domain to the United States, and must by her be occupied, administered and held, seems first to have been clearly revealed to the mind of the immortal author of the immortal Declaration of Independence. When in 1790 he was in Paris as our diplomatic representative, he met there a young Englishman named *Ledyard, who was full of enthusiasm, of travel and exploration, and he was then on his way to Egypt to search for the sources of the Nile. But in conversation with Jefferson the topic of the Oregon country came up, and the American statesman pointed out that there was a virgin territory as yet untrodden by the foot of white man, but which fairly might be assumed to be the abiding place of vast potential wealth. And he spoke of the mighty mountain chain which guarded and traversed it, and argued that in the valleys which lay between them some great river must flow to the Pacific fit to be the peer of the giant stream that divided the continent from the lakes to the Gulf. Uncertain rumors of the existence of such a river had already been disseminated by the coastwise mariners, but up to that date no ship had floated on its waters, and no eye had seen its majestic reaches. And would it not, Jefferson suggested, be a worthier and more useful enterprise to search for this noble channel of future commerce and communication than to spend doubtful years in quest of the solution of a mere geographical enigma, which, even if solved, would benefit no important human interest. Ledyard

*[It is claimed by some that Ledyard was a Yankee—a native of Connecticut.—Sec'y.]

listened, believed, and become enthusiastic on the subject. When the conference was over he had given up his projected journey to Africa, and had entered with his whole heart into Jefferson's scheme. Between them they elaborated the plan of action. Ledyard was to cross Russia and penetrate Siberia to the coast of Behring sea; there he was to cross the straits and pass down the Alaskan and adjoining shores, until the mouth of the unknown river was reached. Up that river to its source among the remote passes of the mountains he was then to force his way; and having crossed the range was to emerge on the high table lands whence the Missouri begins its southward journey, whose broad current would bear him back to civilization. The empress Catharine of Russia was applied to, for permission to cross her boundaries, and informed of the object of the journey, and Ledyard set out. But on account of some hostilities, the source of which has never been certainly detected, the Russian government was induced to withdraw its permission, and Ledyard was overtaken by an imperial messenger when almost in sight of Behring straits and forced to give up his enterprise and return. It was a heavy disappointment to Jefferson, but his purpose stayed with him and he bided his time. We have seen how in 1792 Gray vertified the existence of the Columbia. How in 1802 Jefferson bought Louisiana, carrying a colorable claim to Oregon from Napoleon, and how three years later he dispatched Lewis and Clark to survey the country. We have seen how Astor founded and lost Astoria, when a hand less strong than Jefferson was at the helm of state, and how the pusillanimous treaty of joint occupation of 1818 practically threw the country into the British hands. But though Jefferson was in retirement and unable himself to publicly urge his views he found a resolute ally in Benton, who, as we have seen, early took up the cause and championed it with eminent ability. For a quarter of a century Benton supported the cause of Oregon in congress unflinchingly, opposing the cowardly policy of the majority of his colleagues and the active and dangerous aggressions of the British government. With him was associated John C. Freemont, an army officer and engineer, and an enthusiastic explorer, whose ex-

peditions into the western regions and accurate maps and reports had a powerful effect in attracting public attention to California and Oregon and furnishing trustworthy data whereby to estimate their value.

Passing from this early historical sketch amid the scenes therein depicted, to those transpiring at a later date, in Oregon, we find the pioneer missionaries, Jason Lee, Daniel Lee, P. L. Edwards, Cyrus Shepard, Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman, and their wives, laboring in the interests of their country, and obeying the divine command of their Divine Master, to spread the knowledge of the gospel among the heathen. They were the men who could each truthfully say to polished orators and learned statesmen, as Caius Marius said to the Roman senators: "I come not to you with eloquent words; you speak well, of great actions—but I have done the deeds which so exalt the Roman name." Dr. Whitman was an extraordinary man, and whether we believe the claim just or not that has been asserted for him, to wit, That he saved Oregon to the United States, we cannot but admire his bravery and indomitable perseverance, and place his name high upon the roll of honored pioneers, for his brave winter journey in 1842, as well as other noble deeds.

The fact that the Ashburton treaty was signed in August, 1842, does not prove that Dr. Whitman was not honestly of the opinion in October of that year that he might be of great benefit in securing Oregon to America, for the only news he could then get was brought by the emigration of 1842, which he received in September of that year, and that was to the effect that Lord Ashburton had come to Washington to negotiate a treaty. He could not have known in those days that the treaty was made before he left Oregon, and nothing but a high resolve and strong conviction, such as come only to master minds, of the necessity of such a trip, could have induced him to undertake such a herculean task.

This winter ride across the mountains and plains of the American continent has become classic, and is worthy to be sung by an epic poet. The masculine and heroic straits of Whitman's character came grandly out in the story of his grim death struggles

with the forces of nature. Again and again he was worsted in the encounter, but never defeated; each accumulation of difficulties and dangers served only to stimulate his courage and determination, until one might almost say that the snows melted before the fire of his purpose, and the passes of three mountains opened at the summons of his undaunted will."

Hon. Elwood Evans, in his address to the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1877, said of him: "An Oregon audience need no assurance that Dr. Whitman and his devoted companion were among the very best of their race; that their hospitality and kindness have been of the utmost service to the weary emigrant en route to the Willamette. Pages could be devoted to the praise of their many good works. They were philanthropists, practical, devoted Christians, who literally obeyed the divine injunction, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' All wearing the image of their Maker shared their sympathy. They labored with a devotion unceasing and a zeal most disinterested to Christianize the Indian, to confer upon him the habits of civilization. The Indian never had a more sincere and earnest friend, yet the ungrateful wretches for whose benefit Dr. Whitman spent long years of arduous toil and suffered great privations, rewarded him with cold blooded murder and mutilation." He fell in the very act of bestowing merciful charity to his assailants. One Indian was in front of him attracting his attention by receiving medicine for his sick children, while a confederate stealthily approaching him from the rear, sent a tomahawk crashing through his brain. The great emigrations to Oregon between the years 1840 and 1846 by their numbers and character finally determined the question of occupancy, and brought into Oregon some of the brightest and strongest names that adorn pioneer history. The formation of the Provisional government shows that our pioneers were not only home builders, but that they were government builders, and "builded better than they knew." I think it may be conceded that the Provisional government of Oregon was the crowning glory of the Oregon pioneers. In the ranks of the pioneers were to be found men who were specimens of the best

productions of American manhood, and among the names which adorn the pages of the pioneer history of Oregon can be found those who were the equals of the immortal band who sent forth to the world the declaration that governments are instituted among men for the benefit of the governed that the just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed; "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And the names of Jefferson, Adams, Hancock and Lee find their counterparts in those of Applegate, Nesmith, Deady and Williams.

Nor are the pioneer women of Oregon entitled to anything less than the greatest esteem and respect for their noble action. Like the women of the Revolutionary days of 1776, they renounced without a sigh the use of the luxuries and even the comforts to which they had been so long accustomed, and felt a nobler pride in appearing dressed in the simpler productions of their own looms than they had ever experienced from glittering in the brightest ornaments of the East. Gibbon's History of Rome records the fact that the ancient Germans treated their women with esteem and confidence, consulted them on every occasion of importance, and fondly believed that in their breasts resided a sanctity and wisdom more than human. History also informs us that Columbus, the chief of pioneers, was for more than ten years going from court to court explaining to dull monarchs and bigoted monks the figure of the earth and the ease with which the rich islands of the East might be reached by sailing westward; he found one appreciative listener, afterwards his constant and faithful friend, the noble and sympathetic Isabella, queen of Castile. Be it never forgotten that to the faith and insight and decision of a woman the final success of Columbus must be attributed. And so the people of Oregon feel that the success of the pioneers in founding and building up this great state is to be attributed to a very great extent to the active and important part taken by the pioneer women, and that they are entitled to, and will receive the lasting gratitude of the rising generation.

In passing it seems to me to be meet and proper to briefly notice the efforts of two of the earliest and best friends of Oregon, to wit: Colonel Benton and Lewis F. Linn, both United States senators from the state of Missouri. In May, 1846, in a speech in the senate, Senator Benton said: "The value of the country, I mean the Columbia river and its valley, has been questioned on this floor and elsewhere. It has been supposed to be of little value, hardly worth the possession, much less the acquisition, and treated rather as a burden to be got rid of, than as a benefit to be preserved. This is a great error, and one that only prevails on this side of the water; the British know better, and if they held the tithe of our title they would fight the world for what we depreciate. It is not a worthless country, but one of immense value, and that under many aspects, and will be occupied by others, to our injury and annoyance, if not by ourselves for our own benefit and protection. Forty years ago it was written by Humboldt that the banks of the Columbia presented the only situation on the northwest coast of America fit for the residence of civilized people. Experience has confirmed the truth of this wise remark. It is valuable both as a country to be inhabited and as a position to be held and defended. I speak of it first as a position commanding the North Pacific ocean, and overlooking the eastern coast of Asia. The North Pacific is a rich sea, and is already the seat of a great commerce. British, French, American, Russian, and ships of other nations frequent it. Our whaling ships cover it; our ships of war go there to protect our interest, and great as that interest now is, it is only the beginning. Futurity will develop an immense and various commerce on that sea, of which the far greater part will be American. That commerce, neither in the merchant ships which carry it on, nor in the military marine which protects it, can find a port to call its own, within twenty thousand miles of the field of its operations. The double length of the two Americas has to be run, a stormy and tempestuous cape to be doubled, to find itself in a port of its own country, while here lies one in the very edge of its field, ours by right, ready for use, and ample for every purpose of refuge and repair, protection and domination. Can we turn our back upon it—and, in turning the

back deliver it up to the British? Insane and suicidal would be the act. To say nothing of the daily want of such a port in time of peace, its want in time of war becomes ruinous. If we abandon, England will retain. And her wooden walls, bristling with cannon, and issuing from the mouth of the Columbia, will give the law to the North Pacific, permitting our ships to sneak about in times of peace—sinking, seizing, or chasing them away in time of war. As a position, then, and if nothing but rock or desert point, the possession of Columbia is invaluable to us; and it becomes our duty to maintain it at all hazards. Agriculturally, the value of the country is great; and, to understand it in all its extent, this large country should be contemplated under its different divisions —the threefold natural geographical divisions under which it presents itself: the maritime, the middle, and the mountain districts. Commercially, the advantages of Oregon will be great—far greater than any equal portion of the Atlantic states. The eastern Asiatics, who will be their chief customers, are more numerous than our customers in western Europe, more profitable to trade with, and less dangerous to quarrel with. Their articles of commerce are richer than those of Europe; they want what the Oregonians will have to spare, bread and provisions, and have no systems of policy to prevent them from purchasing necessaries of life from those who can supply them. The sea which washes their shores is every way a better sea than the Atlantic; richer in its whale and other fisheries; in the fur regions which enclose it to the north:—more fortunate in the tranquility of its character, in its freedom from storms, gulf streams and icebergs; in its perfect adaptation to steam navigation; in its intermediate or half-way islands and its myriad of rich islands on its further side; in its freedom from maritime powers on its coasts except the American, which is to grow up at the mouth of the Columbia. As a people to trade with, as a sea to navigate,the Mongolian race of eastern Asia, and the North Pacific ocean, are far preferable to the Europeon and Atlantic." In closing that remarkable prophetic speech, the "old Emperor of Missouri" said: "It is in this point of view, and as acting upon the social, political and religious con-

dition of Asia, and giving a new point of departure to her ancient civilization, that I look upon the settlement of the Columbia river by the van of the Caucasian race as the most momentous human event in history since his dispersion over the face of the earth." Grand old man! He saw with the ken of a prophet the future of Oregon; a portion of the prophecy we have lived to see fulfilled—a portion is yet to be fulfilled in the future. He towers above his fellows like Mount Hood above the surrounding mountains, grand, glorious and sublime, piercing the stormy clouds and rearing his crest heavenwards. Lewis F. Linn was also the early and steadfast friend of Oregon. He had during three terms of congress introduced and urged the consideration of bills for the purpose of extending the jurisdiction and laws of the United States over Oregon. He had also urged the passage of a donation law. Two of the counties of our state have been named for Benton and Linn, a fitting tribute to those able men, and a monument of gratitude that will last as long as Oregon lives. The Willamette river winds its way between them like a thread of silver between the golden fields; a stream that has been immortalized in song by one of Oregon's favorite sons:

From the Cascades frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever, lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us, maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Turning from this prophetic speech, I take up the Oregonian of 51 years later date and read as follows:

"Portland is almost, if not quite, a city by the sea, and Asia is at your doors. We have some idea of the advance that Japan is making in a commerce that should be and is becoming more and more exchangeable with our own; but we have no conception of the tremendous impetus that will shortly be given to foreign trade by the awakening of the greater empire beyond. Russia seems to

be the prince that is pressing through the accumulated obstructions of ages to wake this sleeping beauty. But other nations are preparing to be present at the banquet, and certainly America does not want to be left out. We have what they want—the produce of the soil, the product of the loom and the workshop, equal to what they can get elsewhere, and at last to touch upon the subject that was assigned to me, we can give them an article of lumber they can get nowhere else in the world—there are no trees like those that grow in this northwest corner of our land.

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Mr. President: It has been truly said that the story of Oregon is stirring and romantic; it is also and pre-eminently the story of the triumph of the American idea. The strong, good qualities which characterize Americans were brought out by the early settlement of this corner of our continent. Here the nation may be said to culminate; the goal of the long pilgrimage around the earth is also this spot, where the spirit of the principles imported by the Puritans in 1624 finds its fullest incarnation. The successful establishment of the provisional government, in the teeth of hostility at home as well as abroad, proves the sturdy fealty to law and order of men immersed in the wilderness, and separated by thousands of miles and months of time from the nearest civilized post. They vindicated their right to the support of our government long before it was conceded to them. They helped themselves so promptly and ably that the formal act of official recognition was not communicated till after the crisis of affairs was safely passed. A candid record of these events can never be out of place with an Oregonian; and the only trouble is to make a selection for an occasion like this out of the great abundance of material prepared by the hands of pioneers themselves. In the

great number of able and eloquent addresses that have been delivered before this Association since its formation the subject has been presented in every form and feature and from every standpoint; yet with us the subject never grows old nor stale. Like the story of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, to which we listen with increasing interest at each recurring anniversary of Independence day, and feel exalted by having our memories refreshed and our whole soul baptized anew in the spirit of patriotism.

THE OREGON OF TODAY.

What a contrast between the Oregon of today and that of fifty years ago; what a boon to live in this age of progress and improvement. The gigantic strides of science and invention are simply wonderful. Suppose that we had been told that the journey that we were six months in making, would be made in three days, and that we would live to see it, no one would have believed it. When we consider the great changes wrought by railroads, telegraphs, telephones and other inventions and improvements, not to mention Edison's later discoveries and application of the wonderful power of electricity, we are lost in amazement. We cannot go back to the days of ox teams and listen to the crack of the ox whip instead of the whistle of the locomotive; and we would not, if we could. We must keep up with the procession. You know that the teams that kept in the lead on the plains looked the best and thrived best. Some people are always bemoaning the good days of the past, and predicting dire calamity ahead, when in truth and in fact they are better off now than they ever were in their lives. This reminds me of a story. When I was crossing the plains there was some persons in the company always complaining about the grub. One day after an unusual amount of grumbling I turned to a young man who was driving an ox team for me, and said, "Butcher, what do you think of this grub?" He said, "It's the best I ever had. I get wheat bread and good side bacon every day. When I was at home I didn't get anything but corn bread and jowls."

Fellow pioneers, we must do our part in the future as in the

past in building up and making prosperous our own beloved state, and contributing what we can to the well being and happiness of the community in which we live.

Many of the questions that vexed the pioneers have been settled by time, but there is one question that gave the pioneers much trouble which is giving some of us very much trouble now, and that is the money question.

In his annual address in 1880, Colonel Nesmith said: "During the first five years of my residence in Oregon three Mexican dollars was all the money that I received or handled." And notwithstanding the fact that they made paper money and Beaver money, yet, in the language of General Applegate, in reference to the federal offices, they were not adequate to the wants of the people; so there seems to be a general clamor for more money now; and we seem to be in the same condition that the creditors of a certain vessel was that was libeled in an early day in Judge Deady's court. Joe Meek was marshal, and when called on by the court for a report of sale, said, "Why, your honor, there was barely enough for the officers." The very rich men are increasing at a still greater rate, and both are a menace to the very government itself. The middle class of industrious laborers and taxpayers are the mainstay of the government and the hope of the republic. History seems to be repeating itself. During the days of the Gracchi the gathering of poor people into the city of Rome made the free distribution of corn a necessity, which was kept up more or less during Caesar's best days and until the republic was overthrown; for while there was one Crassus, there were thousands of the lazaroni; while we have Crassus, multiplied by hundreds, we have tens of thousands of poor, destitute people, and they are increasing with fearful rapidity. The gathering into the cities of great multitudes of idle, lazy and vicious people led first to the downfall of the Roman republic, and, second, contributed largely to the destruction of the empire. If we would escape the fate of Rome we must adopt some means to prevent the surplus population in the country—young people—from drifting into the cities, and restrict foreign emigration.

The great need of Oregon is manufactures. We must build up manufacturing villages all over the state; give employment to all who are able and willing to work; and thus keep them out of the slums of the cities—those hot beds of vice and corruption, and breeding grounds of anarchy and violence. Governor Whiteaker said in his first message, to the first session of the first legislature, that convened under the constitution of the state: "If we would secure to ourselves that wealth and prosperity that Providence designed for us we must make use of the means so abundantly within our reach. It requires no argument or proof to convince the most skeptical that Oregon has the elements to produce her own supply of leather, hats, salt, iron, etc., all of which enter largely into our consumption, and are necessary staples of civilized life."

When that message was written the principle articles of home manufacture was pickles and socks; and while we have made some advancement and have built some fine woolen, iron, and other factories, there is room for still greater improvement.

No state or nation which has depended entirely on agricultural products has ever become wealthy. Look abroad among the nations of the earth, both ancient and modern, and see if any people ever became rich and powerful or enjoyed in abundance, the comforts of life, who depended on agriculture alone for a support, and on the people of other nations to furnish them with the products of mechanical industry. Ancient Tyre, Carthage and Athens, and in modern times Venice, Genoa, Holland and England, are all striking examples of nations becoming rich and powerful by means of commerce and mechanic arts—each with a very small territory and little aid comparatively from agriculture. The capital of England was small, until after the civil wars in the time of Cromwell. Though nearly six centuries had elapsed between the Norman conquest and that period, the capital as well as the population continued small, and increased very slowly. The increase continued to be slow as long as the capital and industry of the country was mostly confined to agriculture; but since it began to be diverted into mining and manufactures, about the year 1770,

productive industry, capital, wealth in houses, furniture, etc., and population, have all increased with railroad speed. It is impossible to occumlate capital very rapidly while the income of a people remains small. Small incomes are nearly all consumed. The only practical mode for our own state to increase her capital and wealth rapidly is to divert a part of her industry and capital into mining and manufactures. The new South realizes this fact, hence the change that is going on in their industries; and the impulse that is being given to manufacturing and mining enterprises in that portion of the Union. We cannot compete with India in raising wheat, where men work for seven cents a day, and board and clothe themselves, their board consisting of two pounds of rice per day and their clothing a breach clout.

The question is not so much what we can produce, but what we can sell, and get the pay for; markets, therefore, enter largely into the question, as the great and important element of political economy. By giving more attention to our manufacturing and mining interests we create a division of employments which in turn creates a home market for our agricultural products. No employment or diversity of employment can render a whole people equally wealthy. There will necessarily be differences in capacity, differences in energy and perseverance, differences in frugality and differences in the amount of favors distributed by the accidents of fortune. Manufactures and a diversity of employments never, however, make any class of people the poorer, and if they cannot make all equally wealthy, they at least contribute to promote the well being of every individual in the community.

There is no finer field in the world for manufacturing enterprises than that offered by Oregon. With her magnificent water power and her great store of iron and coal, her rich mines of gold and silver, her immense forests, and her sheep and cattle on a thousand hills, it would seem that nature had exhausted her store in her bounty to this grand state. Our inland empire, the great Willamette and the Umpqua and Rogue River valleys, and Southern and Southeastern Oregon, can challenge the world for

salubrity of climate, variety of production and richness and fertility of soil—in a word, everything that goes to make a habitation for men and women desirable and enjoyable on this mundane sphere.

The scenery of Oregon is grand beyond the power of description. The great Columbia, the Father of Waters of the Pacific coast, stretching inland for hundreds of miles through the lofty range of Cascade mountains, and bearing on its bosom the commerce of our own people and foreign nations, surpasses in beauty and grandeur all we have read in story and song. The great range of mountains that divides our state, with the towering peaks of Hood, Jefferson, and others standing like sentinels on Nature's battlements, fills the mind with awe and lifts it from earth to heaven, and will impress the young and plastic minds of the rising generation with those lofty sentiments that will make our state the home of the Wordsworths, Coopers, Irvings, Bryants, Websters and Scotts of the future.

To perpetuate the names and deeds of those who came to Oregon like our forefathers came upon the Potomac, the Delaware, and the Hudson, and preserve the phenomenon, of individuals laying the foundation of a future empire, and in order to the preservation of much that is of permanent historical value, I would urge the necessity of every pioneer enrolling himself and herself on the permanently preserved, and will be of abiding value to those who follow us. Besides this, in almost every pioneer household there may be found some implement or other article that had to do with the early settlement of the state which should be preserved. By this means one's record becomes books of this Association.

No man lives unto himself; and it is in no sense true that the good that men do is often interred with their bones. It is almost impossible to estimate the value to mankind of a good life well spent. Custom and experience have assigned prices to most of the treasures of the world; but no effort of the mind has been able to measure and determine the worth of a good character; no comprehensible limits can be affixed to the extent, the continuance.

the diversity and the power of its influence for good. Like the sun giving perpetual heat and light to the material universe, an able and a good man is a source of intelligence to the whole world, through all time; nor do the trifling spots upon the sun, nor similar imperfections of the man, sensibly diminish the splendor or usefulness of either.

Since our last meeting a number of pioneers have passed away. Our ranks are becoming thinned year by year, and soon the door will swing outward for the last one of the pioneers to pass into the realm of shadows. Among the number called away since our last reunion I can call but a few of the names, as follows, to wit: Mrs. Letitia McKay, of the emigration of 1841; Mrs. E. S. Thompson, of 1842; John Hobson, of 1843; Nineveh Ford, of 1843; Hiram Straight, 1843; Solomon Richards, 1845; William Savage, 1845; Prier Scott, 1845; Lester Hulin, 1847; A. G. Walling, 1849; A. J. Moses, 1849; B. F. Dowell, 1850; C. C. Redman, 1850; C. H. Lewis, 1851; W. L. White, 1850; Andrew Pullen, 1852; John C. Arnold, 1852; Peter Kindt, 1853; John D. Rowell, 1853; Colonel John Kelsay, 1853, and Captain Richard Hoyt, 1849; also a number of Spartan mothers, besides those above named, have succumbed to the fiat of nature and gone to their final rest. And so a page could be filled with the names of worthy and esteemed pioneers who have laid down their burdens; but they

> "Had so lived that when the summons came, to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber, in the silent halls of death;
> They went not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approched the grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

PIONEERS

By Mrs. Sarah Josie Henderson.

When "the Oregon," 'midst silence rolled.
Its waters seeking tow'rd the sea,
And none but red man knew of old
The secrets of their melody!
Whilst "Hood," in majesty we know, up-stood.
'Midst forests grand, unbroken wood:
"The star of empire westward set,"
Ne'er sought nor found such haven yet.

Fair clime, and fairer scene!
Rainier and Adams, Helens, Hood,
Enrobed in pure celestial white,
Quartette, supreme by every right;
Fit guardians of these stately shores:
But, red man's wigwam naught could show
Save wreathing smoke, and spear, and bow:
To sow, to reap, he would not fain;
On such tame arts he frowned disdain!
With pride he roamed in savage glee,
O'er hill and dale, his illihee:
Ambition his, how sad 'twas so!
For wampum belt and scalp of foe.
His mind intent on scenes of chase,
Or, warlike feud; small thought of grace.

Then came, first singly and by few,
The Pioneers; to tame, to till, to hew.
They came o'er desert sand and rugged steep,

They came o'er waters dark and deep,
The frowning "Horn" around, Isthmus across:
And when the message was carried back—
Where Atlantic's waves careen—
They came in fast-increasing throngs,
'Till cities grew upon the scene:
Maiden fair and lover true,
'Neath forest shade of somber hue,
Here plighted troth; with zest as keen
As ever knight, and his heart's queen:

Great, giant sentinels, ere long gave place
To humble homes, which grew apace;
'Till scattered wide throughout the land,
We view them; humble, fair, e'en grand.
There rose and vine round cottage twine,
While books and music grace to refine.

Where then the forest monarch grew,
In serried phalanx there arrayed,
Ere woodman axe to trunk had laid,
Stand now the halls and marts of trade;
While plow the furrow turns by swain,
Where fertile plain yields waving grain;
And rail of steel, bearing swift express.
Thrice spans the former wilderness.

Bold Pioneers! whose weary feet
Have toiled those distant plains across,
And scaled the mountain o'er,
What sought ye here of yore?

Some came for home and kindred sake;
Some few for mere adventure;
Some thought to bless their fellow-men; and this—
Without a peradventure—was their indenture.
Some came, the red man's soul to save,
To tell of Heaven and God;

Of these, there lie, among the slain,
Whose life-blood stains this western sod.

Oh! Pioneers, who in days here spent have
Sought nor fame nor glory;
Rare names shall be enshrined yet
In future song and story.
Grand names are on our memories writ!
Pioneers in the land of the sunset sea!*
These names and more shall emblazoned be
On the pages of Fame's Immortality.

"Land of the Pioneers' hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!"
Thy sons shall never cease to come
And sing how these have toiled and striven.

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* Lee, Lovejoy, Whitman, McLoughlin.

PIONEER WOMEN OF CLATSOP COUNTY

BY MRS. OWENS-ADAIR, M. D.

Mr. President, Oregon Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been requested to speak to you this evening about the "Pioneer Women of Clatsop County, Oregon."

In preparing myself for this pleasant duty I have collected fairly complete sketches of the lives of many of the women who reached old Clatsop in the earliest pioneer days or within the forties. These sketches, as you readily observe, are quite voluminous, and however much I might like to read them here, it would be quite impossible to do so in the time alloted me. I shall leave them in the hands of our worthy Secretary to go on file with our records, expressing the wish that at an early day they may appear in the printed annals of our Association, making is possible for all our people to read something about a few of Oregon's most illustrious pioneer mothers.

Before making particular reference to the little band of noble women, who braved all the dangers and privations incident to getting to and living in old Clatsop during the earliest times, or in the forties, let me call your attention to the fact that in those days Clatsop county included all the country south of the Columbia river to California, extending inland about 80 miles.

This region took its name from the tribe of Indians who lived on Clatsop Plains, a beautiful district of country, so well known to many of us now as Oregon's most delightful seaside resort. In passing it may be proper to mention that our earliest claims to Oregon were derived from events which happened within the limits of old Clatsop. Beginning with the discovery of the Columbia river, by Captain Robert Gray, in 1792, the location of

Astoria, by the eminent merchant, whose name is perpetuated in Oregon's second city. This little city by the sea has very lately been pleasantly remembered in having her name "Astoria" given to the grandest hotel in the world, in America's greatest city, New York, that sets at the mouth of that beautiful Hudson, our greatest and grandest northeastern river, but which dwindles into very moderate dimensions when compared with our lordly Columbia, the third river of the earth in volume, and the grandest of all, carrying the waters of nearly half a continent to the sea at Astoria. These and many other events that are going into the history and romance of old Clatsop, we pass over lightly for the reason that there were no pioneer women in the good ship "Columbia," or with the Astor Trading Company or their immediate successors in power at Astoria. Not until we come down to near the time that wagons crossed the plains to Oregon do we find old Clatsop blessed by the presence of American pioneer women.

When the earliest pioneer women reached Clatsop they found themselves in the midst of numerous and powerful tribes of Indians. The Clatsops, although fish Indians, had large villages at both ends of Clatsop Plains, "Tanzy Point" and "Sea Side," and their numbers made it necessary for the pioneer settlers to exercise great caution and discretion in their treatment of them. Just north of the Clatsops were another numerous and more warlike tribe of Indians, the "Chinooks," with their villages at Scarborough head, Smith's Point and also very near the Hudson's Bay Company's post, then called Fort George, and not far from the present site of St. Mary's Hospital in Astoria.

At this early time the lower Columbia river Indians, from Gray's Harbor to Tillamook, although greatly reduced in numbers, could easily have thrown a thousand warriors into Astoria at a day's notice. So when we look back upon the little band of Americans who, with their wives and children, located upon Clatsop Plains in 1842 and 1843, surrounded, as they were, by swarms of Indians, whose most desirable lands were naturally taken by the first Americans, we cannot but feel amazed at their marvelous

escape from the same terrible fate of one of Oregon's most illustrious women, Mrs. Narcissa Whitman. These first American women who came to Clatsop, having made the journey across the plains, were so inured to hardships, privations and dangers of every possible nature, that they looked upon the labor of home making in this far-away land as a real rest, and they went about their daily duties with an energy and cheerfulness that to us is almost incomprehensible. Their example of patient, persistent industry, remarkable ingenuity, inexhaustible cheerfulness and heroic courage, in assisting to build up homes and caring for their children, is worthy of all praise, and cannot be too often brought before the minds of our later generations.

Unfortunately, up to quite recent years, the noble part taken by American pioneer women in holding Oregon under our beloved flag, has not been given the prominence it deserved in the printed pioneer annals. I mean to say that our Association records do not contain the names of the women who came to Oregon in the forties, the names of men only being generally given, where the early immigrants are enumerated. In the last few years much has been done, by those yet living, to furnish the names of the mothers of Oregon, and our worthy Secretary is entitled to great credit and every assistance, especially from women, in his intelligent and energetic efforts to this end.

In the very interesting and valuable address delivered in 1876 before this Society, by our late eminent citizen, Colonel James W. Nesmith, we find a full list of the men who came to Oregon in 1843, and after calling the roll for that year, Colonel Nesmith remarked, "My duty did not require me to make a list of the women and children, and I have always regretted that it was omitted. Such a list would be of interest to many who were then young, and whose names ought to be enrolled as belonging to the emigration of 1843. The ladies who accompanied us and who contributed so much to the prosperity of our state, deserve to be enumerated in the list of early settlers, but that important duty seems to have been neglected by those who had more time at their disposal than I had."

We have no fault to find with Colonel Nesmith for the manner in which he did his duty, but feel it only small praise to say that his contributions to the annals of our Society are of priceless value and will be read with increasing interest by all future seekers after true facts and incidents concerning the dawn of Oregon history.

Would that many now living might be spurned on to follow his most illustrious example as a recorder of such facts and incidents within their own knowledge about men who lived and events that happened near the beginning of civilization in our state.

Running our eyes down Nesmith's roll of 1843, we find the names: Doke, Eberman, Hobson, Holly, Hunt, O'Brien, Owens, Stout, Summers, Shiveley and Teller, familiar to me as men who made their homes in Clatsop county. Most of these names I heard frequently when a child, for I myself was a pioneer girl of 1843, my father, Thomas Owens, having been one to answer Colonel Nesmith's roll-call on the plains in 1843. He succeeded in getting my mother and three children into a temporary winter cabin just before New Year's day, 1844. Did these men of 1843 bring families? The record thus far does not tell us; nor do the records of preceding or following years enlighten us in this regard.

It has been my pleasant duty to give a few of the pioneer women who journeyed on to old Clatsop, down by the sounding sea, a place in our records. Out of 268 men who reached Oregon in 1843, only 13 answered to their names in 1876, and today there are present for duty only two. This is the sad story of the fathers of that memorable emigration, and how has time dealt with the mothers of that year? Almost all have gone to their last home, the one not builded with hands, and are represented only by their children in our midst, who, too, are growing white with age. My own dear father died in northern California July 23, 1873. My mother and three sisters are all that remain from a family of 11 children, four boys and seven girls. No doubt the records of other families who came with us would be equally sad to contemplate.

A few years hence and there will be none to answer when rolls of the forties are called! Such is the order of God.

I have succeeded in finding that my mother, Mrs. Thomas Owens, is the only surviving pioneer woman of Clatsop county who dates her arrival back to 1843.

It will doubtless surprise many of my hearers to learn that the first white woman came to Oregon, not by the long and dangerous way across the plains, but in a comfortable vessel, the bark Neriade, from England, in 1836. This lady, Mrs. Beaver, made but a short stay in Oregon. Neither she nor her husband appear to have been endowed with the courage, character or ability necessary to successful pioneering. This woman is entitled to no sort of credit as a pioneer. She happened to come with her husband, who came as chaplain to the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver. She happened to spend a few days at Fort George (now Astoria), from there going to Fort Vancouver, where she and her egotistical husband soon made themselves so obnoxious to the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company that Dr. McLoughlin very properly canceled their engagement to the company and they ignominiously returned to England. Charity suggests that they be forgotten for the part they played in Oregon.

Mrs. Helen Smith was a real pioneer woman of Clatsop; coming there with her husband, Solomon H. Smith, in May, 1840. Born on Clatsop Plains in the beginning of this century, a daughter of "Coboway" (Chief of the Clatsops), she was singularly imbued with the true pioneer disposition, to make a home and raise a family in the wilderness, and to her influence and tribal power the American women who shortly followed her in making homes there owe a large debt of gratitude. She it was who prevented the Clatsop Indians from destroying the little band of American pioneer settlers on Clatsop Plains in the early forties. Her children are still reputable citizens of old Clatsop, occupying a portion of the farm made over half a century ago by their worthy parents, the first real farmers of that county.

Coming down to the very memorable and most worthily admirable American women of old Clatsop, we find them to have been

true born pioneers. They faced all the dangers and sacrifices of the long journey across the plains, thus cutting loose from civilization, home, relations, friends and all the ties that most closely bind the human heart. They came to this western land to do their full share in holding it for our common country, and thereby enabling their children to have a better chance in the great battle of life than seemed possible in their Eastern surroundings. A few of those heroines still live, those courageous old pioneers. As each yearly reunion comes around, we all shall look with increasing anxiety for those who march under the banners of the forties.

As many of you will remember, nearly all of these earliest pioneers found home in the Willamette valley, so that after reaching Oregon City, the resting rendezvous, they felt that their long journey had ended. The Clatsop pioneers, though, had to make a second start, by boat, to reach their new homes on the shores of the Pacific. Those coming prior to 1845 came by boat from the Dalles to Astoria, usually resting at Fort Vancouver.

Mr. John Minto gives a graphic description of a trip from Linnton, just below Portland, down the Columbia to Clatsop Plains in 1845, when he assisted in moving Captain R. W. Morrison's family to their Clatsop home. This trip was made in midwinter, in an open canoe, exposed to all the storms usual at that season, and the family had no shelter day or night during the ten days' voyage. About January 18, 1846, they had the privilege of sleeping under a roof, at Astoria, the first house that they had occupied since leaving their home in Missouri, the preceding April, nearly nine months earlier.

In tracing the lives and deeds of these Clatsop pioneer women, I cannot forego the pleasure of referring in a general way to some of our different typical women, remarkable for their varied characteristics. It seems to me, on reflection, that this one locality was especially favored in becoming the pioneer home of many of the most beautiful and worthily admirable women it has been my privilege to meet. There was Mrs. R. W. Morrison, that grand, magnificent woman of commanding stature, weighing over 200

pounds, with small, delicate hands and feet; her dear honest gray eyes, and bright auburn hair that waved so beautifully about her brow, of undaunted courage and innate knowledge of human character. She, by nature, was indeed a general, and, like "Joan of Arc," might have lead an army to victory. Of another type was the beautiful and gifted Mrs. W. H. Gray, the loving, refined "teacher in the wilderness," so wonderfully gifted for her calling, that of a pioneer missionary. Her dark hair combed smoothly back from her ever placid brow, shone like satin in the sunshine. Her face, disposition and life were indeed those of a saint. And still another typical and admirable woman was Mrs. James Taylar; tall, slender and graceful, with dark sparkling eyes and raven hair. Her irrepressible, vivacious nature shone forth in every lineament of her beautiful face. To see her was to remember her! And yet another lovely character, Mrs. A. Van Dusen! That "Fairy Queen"; her bright, blue eyes, flaxen hair and smiling face, always beaming with sunshine, never crossed by a shadow. And I must include my own dear mother, whose perfect form, violet eyes, alabaster skin, dark brown silken hair, made her indeed fair to look upon.

These women, all beautiful, yet so different in stature, disposition and features. They lived in times that tried women's souls, within a radius of a few miles, were near neighbors and friends. They each and all did their part, and they did it well. As wives and mothers, all have given to our state sons and daughters who have occupied places of honor and trust in our beloved Oregon. While these women differed greatly in non-essentials that go to make up grand and splendid character, they each and all possessed in common these fundamental essential qualities, with which the real queens of the earth must be endowed. Of untarnished honor, exalted purity, clear vision, strong and unalterable resolution to do their whole duty, they had that invincible courage that never falters, coupled with unmeasured endurance, enabling them to grapple with and overcome every obstacle and privation of a pioneer mother's life. It would be well if the story of their lives could be written in enduring letters upon the sky

where all people could not help but read. Their noble example of patient industry would be a healthy lesson to our hordes of idle hands, who prefer "Kitchen Soup Charity" to the exertion of earning an honest living. This splendid self-reliance would surely put to shame some of the legions of lazy howlers, who go crying through the land, that the government ought to help the poor laboring man! With such glorious examples before the eyes of succeeding generations, we have unbounded confidence in the future of our Great Northwest, it being safe to assume that each county of old Oregon had its share of pioneer "queens" whose impress upon their posterity is an unlimited factor for the general good, and as the years roll by their gentle and immeasurable influence for the upbuilding of our state will be felt in ever-increasing circles until time shall be no more.

"They came to rear a wall of men
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

They came to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's western line,
And set their country's flag beside
The rugged northern pine.

They came to plant the common schools
On distant prairie sweels,
And give the Sabbaths of the wilds
The music of her bells.

"We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the seas;
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free."

ACANITH GLOVER HOSFORD.

The late Mrs. Hosford, of Mount Tabor, wife of Chauncey Osburn Hosford, was one of "Old Clatsop's" pioneer women, of whom any county in the state might be justly proud. Mrs. Hosford's maiden name was Acanith Glover. She crossed the plains with her brother, Aquilla Glover, and his family in 1846. They were of that ill-fated Donner party, but Mr. Glover left his party and pushed ahead with his family a few days in advance, and reached the valley of the Sacramento in safety.

In the days of '49 there were very few American women in California. Miss Glover was one of five unmarried American young ladies at that time in San Francisco.

Rev. C. O. Hosford crossed the plains in 1845. The following year he became a student of the Willamette University and was licensed to preach by that institution in 1847, being 25 years of age at that time. In 1848 he, with nearly all the men of Oregon, went to the California gold mines, he going under license from Elder Roberts and preaching in San Francisco at "West's boarding-house." Then he organized the first Methodist class meeting west of the Rocky mountains, which became the nucleus of the first Methodist church in California. Mr. Hosford was of excellent English blood, and when a young man chanced to be in a ship that visited the island of St. Helena at the time the remains of the great Napoleon were removed from the island, and saw all the ceremonies of that great and impressive occasion. This was only one of the many interesting incidents in this good old pioneer's remarkable life. In San Francisco, early in 1849, he married Miss Acanith Glover, the woman who proved to be more priceless to him than could have been all the gold of the earth, and who remained his faithful helpmate even unto her death. Mrs. Hosford came to Oregon with her husband soon after her marriage. He was a circuit preacher and for a time their home was on Clatsop Plains. And here it was that Mrs. Hosford's admirable char-

acter first began to be known to the people of Clatsop county. She was possessed of a strong individuality and great force and decision of character. She was what is termed "a level-headed woman"; being a frugal, active, economical and thorough housekeeper, and withal a most excellent cook. She was an energetic, cheerful, consistent Christian mother and ever faithful, able and watchful wife. Her husband being a preacher, had many calls upon his charity, and had often to rely upon his clear-headed, industrious and thrifty wife for advice, which prevented their impoverishing themselves and forgetting the esential adage that "Charity begins at home." It was the writer's privilege to know Mr. and Mrs. Hosford intimately. I knew them while they were hewing out their home from the Mount Tabor fir forests, as well as later when Mrs. Hosford had made her yard literally blossom with beautiful shrubs and flowers of almost every variety. She delighted in flowers, and with all the care that fell upon a mother with a large family, she was always able to find recreation and pleasure in the culture and care of her much-beloved flowers and rare plants. Their beautiful home was made more beautiful, both inside and out, at all seasons of the year by the presence of beautiful flowers. And in her delirium during the last hours of her illness she talked of flowers, "Beautiful white flowers. How beautiful! And they are always used at funerals." Yes, and they were used in profusion at her funeral. Even her casket was filled with the "beautiful white flowers" she loved so well. No one could have been missed more than Mrs. Hosford, not only by her devoted family but by her legion of friends who loved and appreciated her, and will cherish her memory throughout their lives.

Mrs. Hosford had great executive ability and was scrupulously just. When she was stricken down in her last illness, she knew that death was near. She at once called for her attorney and proceeded to divide her property among her children. Thus finishing up her last work and setting her house in order.

It has been Mr. Hosford's invariable habit to preach at least once each Sabbath, which habit he most industriously and faithfully continues in storm and sunshine. Sometimes he goes so far

that he is not able to reach home for the regular Sunday afternoon family gathering. This happens less often in these days of steamboats, railroads and electric cars than in the days of canoes, blind trails and cayuse ponies. When Father Hosford promises to preach he is sure to be there.

For 48 years this worthy couple fought the battle of life together, shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart. To them marriage was the greatest gift of a merciful God. Mrs. Hosford died at her Mount Tabor home, December —, 1896, surrounded by her affectionate and devoted family and friends. Her strong, self-reliant nature enabled her to overcome all the trials and privations of an eventful pioneer life. Her irrepressible cheerfulness brought happiness to her home, and to all those with whom she come in contact. She leaves the world much better for having lived in it.

Mrs. Hosford was the mother of eight children and seven grandchildren. Two sons, Captain Olin and Pearne Hosford, of Portland, and four daughters, Mrs. Harkins, wife of Superintendent Harkins, of the Southern Pacific shops, since their erection at East Portland; Mrs. Field, wife of L. R. Field, superintendent of the Southern Pacific lines in Oregon; Mrs. Peterson, wife of Mr. Peterson, a prosperous fruit farmer of Mount Tabor; Mrs. Cora Grout, wife of Professor D. A. Grout, of the Park-street school, Portland, Oregon. All these living children are well settled in life and worthily enjoy the esteem and friendship of large circles of friends.

POLLY HICKS McKEAN.

Polly Hicks McKean was born April 24, 1798, in Delaware county, state of New York. Married Samuel Terry McKean March 9, 1817. After living a few years in New York they moved to Ohio, where they lived till the summer of 1832, when they made another start west, at the time Illinois was first open to settlers.

They stopped on the Illinois river and laid out a town, calling it Chilicothe, after the town where they lived in Ohio.

In 1847 they made another move west, in company with their two married sons. They had eight children born to them, five boys and three girls. Two boys died while they lived in Ohio; the rest all lived to be grown and married. They left their old home in Illinois April 15, 1847, with four wagons and a good many cattle and horses to start on the long and tedious journey across the plains to Oregon. They stopped the first winter at the falls of the Willamette, opposite Oregon City, where they arrived in November, having stopped at Vancouver, which was then in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, for a couple of weeks. In February, 1848, they moved down the Willamette to a place called Linnton, where there were a few little houses. In September of the same year, they put what household goods were left them after the Indian-Whitman troubles, on board a scow schooner, called the "Calipooia," and came down to Astoria.

Resided in Astoria until 1864, when she, her husband and youngest daughter, then unmarried, moved to San Jose, California.

Her two married sons had preceded them to California, and for a number of years she resided with one or the other of them at or near San Jose. After the death of her husband, which occurred near San Jose February 12, 1873, she continued to live with her eldest son for a time and afterwards with her son-in-law, Mr. J. M. Battee, of San Jose. She survived her husband four years, and died April 15, 1877, while on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Eliza Hustler, at Astoria, Oregon.

It is difficult to describe or estimate such a life and character as hers. So quiet and unassuming, creating no stir in the world; not differing greatly from thousands of women, especially during the early and middle part of this century. And yet she possessed strong indivuality and independence of mind. Never robust in body, with limited education and opportunities, she was looked up to and loved, not alone by the members of her family, but by all with whom she came in contact. She had no patience with cant

or hypocrisy in any form, did not believe much in secret societies; her creed consisting principally in doing good when, where and to whom you can. As a parent she was devoted and self-sacrificing, perhaps too indulgent, but always endeavoring to instill in her children habits of frugality, temperance and independence. She seemed to realize more fully than most persons the futility of looking to others for any help in the various difficulties of life, and that to attain success at all one must be self-reliant and persevering.

Withal she was very charitable towards others' faults, and no child or person in trouble ever went to her in vain for sympathy and such help as she could give.

MARY AUGUSTA GRAY.

Very little more than a century has elapsed since our beautiful Columbia river was seen by other eyes than those of savages. Just 300 years from the eventful 1492, when Columbus demonstrated to the unbelieving world the existence of another continent toward the setting sun, beyond the ocean that had hitherto bounded their lives, in 1792, on the 11th day of May, a ship from Boston, commanded by Captain Robert Gray, discovered and entered the mouth of this, the third great river on the American continent, giving it the name of his ship, the Columbia. From this time attention was directed to the northwest coast, and vessels frequently visited the river, until in March, 1811, the present site of the town of Astoria was selected and occupied by the Pacific Fur Company. This was the beginning of the settlement of Oregon. But it spread no further for about 25 years.

In response to the touching appeal of the four Indians who came from their home beyond the Rocky mountains to St. Louis in 1834, asking for the "White Man's Book," telling about the

"White Man's God," and a teacher to explain it to them, the hearts of Christians were aroused, and two of the Missionary societies took measures to answer the call—the Methodist Episcopal Society in the United States, and the American Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions at Boston.

The company of missionaries sent by the American Board were Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman, who established a mission station among the Nez Perces at Walla Walla. When the location was decided upon, Dr. Whitman immediately returned to the East to procure associates to carry on the mission. On the strength of his report, the American Board resolved to enter upon the work, and instructed Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, Rev. H. H. Spalding and Mrs. Spalding to proceed the next year to Oregon to labor among the Nez Perces. At the solicitation of the Board, Mr. William H. Gray, of Utica, N. Y., accompanied them as secular agent of the expedition, and in September, 1836, the party reached Walla Walla, on the Columbia river.

The following year Mr. Gray returned to the East to procure supplies and re-enforcements for the mission, and in both respects was successful. While there he sought in marriage and won the hand of Miss Mary Augusta Dix, of Champlain, N. Y., a choice in which he was signally guided "by the good hand of God upon him."

Miss Dix was a young lady of education and refinement, and of unusually lovely person, manners and character. In addition to these she was an humble, consecrated Christian. She came to the wilds of the unknown territory of Oregon, not as many came in later years, drawn by the stories of the wonderful attractiveness of climate and soil; but the word went to the East that there were human souls under dusky skins who were calling for the "Bread of Life," and, actuated by a desire to teach the heathen on our own shore the gospel of salvation, she came with her husband in the second party of missionaries under the direction of the American Board to join the four who had preceded them across the Rocky mountains, and with them formed the advance guard of the grand army which founded a new civilization on the northwest

coast, the party arrived at Whitman's station, Waiilatpu, September 1, 1838.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding had established another station at Lapwai, and thither Mr. and Mrs. Gray proceeded, remaining to labor with them among the Nez Perces. Mrs. Gray entered heartily into the work of teaching the Indian women and children at Lapwai.

She commenced her labors immediatedy with from 50 to 100 native children, whom she taught under a pine tree during the fall, and until a log schoolhouse was built. This is described as "a puncheon-seated, earth-floored building," and here she taught her pupils until March, 1839.

One especially interesting fact in connection with her labors there has been handed down to us. She had a remarkable sweet, finely trained voice, and when upon the morning after her arrival she joined in the singing at family worship, Mr. Spalding felt that it would be a power in their Sabbath services, and requested her to conduct that part of the worship. When the Indians heard her sing they were visibly impressed, and afterwards spoke of her as "Christ's sister." (The above is related and told by some of the older Indians and Hudson Bay men.) Whenever she sang, they would gather around and listen with rapt attention, as if to heavenly music.

In the fall of 1839, she left for the Whitman station with her husband and infant son in a Chinook canoe, paddled and steered by two Nez Perces Indians. They remained there, Mrs. Gray assisting Mrs. Whitman in teaching until 1842, when they came to the Willamette valley. Later they removed to Clatsop Plains, where they resided for several years, and finally settled in Astoria. Where ever they went they strove to advance the kingdom of Christ, and exerted a decided influence in the cause of education, temperance and benevolence. In 1846 they assisted in forming the first Presbyterian church in Oregon, with Rev. Lewis Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Condit, at Clatsop Plains. (Clatsop church organized September 19, 1846.)

Seven of their children survive them. They are Judge J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria; Caroline A. (Mrs. Jacob Kamm), of Portland; Mary S. (Mrs. Frank Tarbell), of Tacoma; Sarah F. (Mrs. William Abernethy), of Dora, Coos county, Oregon; Captain William P. Gray, Captain Albert W. Gray and Captain James T. Gray, of Portland.

While visiting at her mother's a few months before her death Mrs. Kamm said to her one day, "Mother, I have often wondered how you, with your education and surroundings, the refinements of life that you were accustomed to, and your own personal habits, could possibly have made up your mind to marry a man to whom you were a total stranger, so short a time from your first meeting with him, and going with him such a terrible journey, thousands of miles from civilization, into an unknown wilderness, across two chains of mountains, and exposed to countless dangers —Mother, how did you ever do it?"

While Mrs. Kamm was recounting all these, to her mind, insurmountable objections to a young lady of delicate sensibilities, and relative modesty, her mother sat with her eyes intently fixed upon the carpet, and then, after a few moment's pause, replied with great earnestness and solemnity, "Carrie, I dared not refuse! Ever since the day when I gave myself up to Jesus, it had been my daily prayer, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' and when the question, 'Will you go to Oregon as one of a little band of self-denying missionaries and teach these poor Indians of their Savior?' was suddenly proposed to me, I felt that it was the call of the Lord and I could not do otherwise!"

And her daughter saw and felt the power of the love of Christ that had been the governing principle of her mother's life, and owned its sweet and sacred influence.

Among Mrs. Kamm's early recollections were the little missionary and maternal meetings which were held in their house. She distinctly remembers these meetings, as it was always her lot to "take care of the baby" while her mother conducted the simple services, and afterwards wrote the "minutes" in a spare copy-

book. The "collection" on missionary day was never forgotten. Those early records would be of the deepest interest now, but they cannot be found.

In 1870, after an absence of 32 years, Mr. and Mrs. Gray returned to New York for a visit, going by steamer to San Francisco, and thence by rail to New York. One can imagine their sensation as they were rapidly whirled along over the ground which they had crossed so many years before so slowly and laboriously.

On the 8th of December, 1881, Mrs. Gray died at her home on the Klaskanine farm, aged 71 years 11 months and 7 days. She had taken her seat at the breakfast table as usual, but feeling quite unwell, returned to her room. She was seized with severe vomiting which could not be checked. She was evidently sinking. Her husband said to her, "Mother, are you going to leave us? Are you prepared to go?" She replied, "Yes, if it is the Lord's will. I have endeavored faithfully to serve Him, and care for my family, and he will not forsake me now." From this time she appeared to be relieved, and with a little more conversation on family matters, she ceased speaking. Soon after, with an earnest prayer that her children and friends might join her in her "Father's house not made with hands," there to dwell with her Lord and Savior who had been with her through all life's journey, she passed peacefully into her rest.

One who had known her well writes: "The death of Mrs. Gray calls forth regret from a large circle of friends who have long known and loved her, and we add our testimony to the valuable life of one whose friendship we valued so much. * * * She came as a missionary, filled with a desire to devote her life and earnings to the cause of Christ, and well did she fulfill that promise, bravely facing all the dangers and privations of a pioneer life, no light thing for one, who, like her, had sacrificed high social culture to such a life among Indians, in a wild, far-off, unknown country.

Leaving it all behind her, she turned her face to the setting sun, laying her life down on the altar of God without regret. She

was one of the few women who grow old gracefully; time only seemed to add sweet grace of manner, and the lines of age on her face showed only kindness and the extreme patience of her daily life. "She hath done what she could." Who can count the influences of her life and example! A large family who have gone out into the world will miss her sweet counsel and admonition." The beautiful description of a good wife given by King Lemuel in "the prophecy that his mother taught him" (Prov. 31:10-31) finds a perfect verification in Mrs. Gray's daily life and character.

Mr. Gray survived his wife about eight years. He spent the last seven weeks of his life at the house of his son-in-law, Jacob Kamm, Esq., of Portland, and died November 14, 1889, aged 79 years 2 months and 6 days.

MRS. ALMIRA RAYMOND.

Mrs. Almira Raymond was born in West Troy, New York, in 1817. She united with the Methodist denomination at the age of 15. Married W. W. Raymond in September of '39, and with him joined the Methodist mission, then forming in New York city for the purpose of sending missionaries to the Indians of Oregon. The Lausanne was chartered, and 14 families and five single women sailed in her, on the 29th of September, 1839. After a long and stormy voyage of eight months, during which Mrs. Raymond was seasick almost continuously, they crossed the Columbia river bar in May of '40. The Lausanne passed up the river to Fort Vancouver, reaching there in June. From there the missionary party went up the Willamette in canoes and settled at Salem, where Mrs. Raymond's first child was born, a little girl that died at birth.

From Salem Mrs. Raymond removed to The Dalles (then Wascopum), where her second daughter, Martha, was born in 1842. Mrs. Raymond returned to Salem in 1842 and remained there until

1846. During this time two more daughters were born. The third died at birth, the fourth, Aurelia, born in 1845.

The winter of 1845-6 was especially severe. Mrs. Raymond passed this winter in a tent. The snow had to be cleared from the roof of the tent every few hours, it fell so fast. The principal part of their diet was dried peas.

In the spring of 1846 they removed to Clatsop Plains, where Mrs. Raymond lived until 1849. On the plains two children were born, her first son, William, in 1846, and the fifth daughter, Annie, in 1849.

Late the next spring, or early in the summer, Mrs. Raymond moved to Tanzy Point, where she resided until 1855. At Tanzy Point two children were born—James in 1852, Zilpha in 1855. While Mrs. Raymond lived at the Point, Dr. Dart made the famous treaty with the Clatsop Indians at Tanzy Point, and during this time the Indians had the small pox which carried off so many of them. One camp (Terwents) had every one down at once, and not a scrap of anything to eat. They were not allowed to go near any house, and were dying of starvation as much as the disease. One of the Indians got into a canoe and came to Mrs. Raymond for help. Mrs. Raymond took the half of all her provisions and put them on the bank by the canoe for him. The Indian got back to his camp with them, but died that night.

In 1855 Mrs. Raymond moved to Tillamook. This was during the Indian war, and Mrs. Raymond and her children, with all the other settlers in Tillamook, were shut up in Trask's fort, awaiting an attack that never came. While in Tillamook in 1856 another son was born, Louis.

In 1856 Mrs. Raymond moved to the Indian reservation known as the Grand Ronde reservation, and was there when the hostiles, under Chief Limpy and Old John were brought in and it was there her last child was born, a little girl who lived to be four years and some months old. The next year Mrs. Raymond spent in traveling, going to The Dalles for a few months, back to Clatsop, down to Tillamook again, and remained at Tillamook until

November, 1858, then back overland to Clatsop. As it rained the entire trip, and Mrs. Raymond was swept from her horse by the surf in rounding one of the capes of the short sand beach and nearly drowned, this was one of the most disagreeable of her journeys. As, however, the trip at that season was entirely her own wish she could not well complain.

Mrs. Raymond lived at Tanzy Point until 1862, when she moved to Astoria. In 1863 she procured a divorce from her husband. She then returned to the Point for a time and then went back to Salem. While in Salem she sold her half of Tanzy Point (now Flavel) to John Loomis, her son-in-law, who promised to pay her $1000 and provide her with a home during her life. However, she received but $400. This money she soon spent in church work and then went in debt. Her daughter paid her mother's debts many times. Finally, not being able to collect the remaining $600, she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Martha Loomis. Mrs. Raymond hated trouble of any kind. She took no thought of the morrow, but "put her trust in the Lord" and got cheated in all her transactions.

Mrs. Raymond was a very pious woman, who thought taking care for the future showed a want of trust in the Lord, and was therefore a sin. An instance of this was given when the new Methodist church was built at Salem. Aurelia sent her mother every month $10.00 expressly for the rent—sometimes more, but always that much. And when Aurelia went to Salem she asked, "What was her mother owing?" and found among other debts was $50.00 for rent. "Why, mother, how is that? I sent you the rent money every month." Mrs. Raymond said a man had promised to give the Methodist church $10,000 if they would build a finer church than the Presbyterian church in Portland, and she said she felt the Lord had opened the way for her to assist in that great work, so she gave the money to the church and let the rent go. "But, mother, that money was for the rent, and it should have been paid." Mrs. Raymond's answer was, "The cattle on a thousand hills are the Lord's." Dozens of like instances could be given showing Mrs. Raymond's unworldly character. No woman in

truth could have been more unfitted for the privations of a pioneer life; for she was not strong, and naturally took no care for the future. That trait was intensified by her religion, which made her think she committed a sin if she took any care for the future of this life. Then her religion was entirely a matter of emotion, and unless she was in such a state of mind as to be regardless of everything in this world, she felt that she had lost faith and was unhappy.

Mrs. Raymond suffered much from ill-health the last years of her life, as well as the loss of her sight. She died in 1880. A woman kind-hearted, peaceful and sincere, she obeyed literally the command to "take no thought of the morrow." She could not but suffer more than the ordinary privations of the pioneer.

[The above sketch was prepared by a daughter of Mrs. Raymond.]

MRS. NANCY DICKERSON WELCH.

The narrative I here present to the public of the life of Mrs. Nancy Dickerson Welch, the pioneer woman of Astoria, is necessarily of a rambling and somewhat disjointed nature, comprising various occurrences. The facts, however, will prove to be linked and banded together as related by this pioneer woman. It is to be regretted that more of Mr. and Mrs. Welch's recounts of their wild and perilous adventures and hairbreadth escapes among the Indians was not written as a matter of history. But never thinking we might be called upon to narrate it for that purpose, it was neglected. Mr. and Mrs. Welch were with the first adventurous expeditions among the savage tribes that peopled the depths of the wilderness, and assisted in turning savage life into civilization—wigwams into habitable homes.

Mrs. Nancy Dickerson Welch was born January 2, 1818, in Lud-

low township, near Marietta, Washington county, Ohio. Her father, Joseph Dickerson, was a native of Virginia, and married Sally Daily, of Pennsylvania. Her grandfather, Thomas Dickerson, and his family, in company with General Putnam, of Revolutionary fame, moved to the Ohio river and settled on the west side in Ohio; General Putnam locating on the east side in Virginia.

Mrs. Welch's parents afterwards moved to Delaware county, Ohio, then to Lafayette county, Indiana, where her father died. Her mother and family then moved to Bloomington (now Muscatine), Iowa, where she was left an orphan, with nine brothers for whom she thereafter took upon herself the duties of mother and housekeeper. We have often heard her tell how she performed the manifold duties for that numerous family of young brothers.

So her busy life ran along until March 12, 1840, when she was married to James Welch, who was born in Booneville, Kentucky, February 16, 1816, he having lived in St. Louis, Mo., then in Davenport, Iowa, and afterward in Bloomington, Iowa, where with his wife he continued to reside until the spring of 1843, when they, with a number of families, left their home and started across the plains for Oregon, traveling over the old Landers emigrant wagon road. They got their supplies from the different stations as they journeyed along with their slow, steady teams of oxen. Mr. Welch had two wagons. The members of the party were all grown persons, except Mrs. Welch's son, James W., he being about 1½ years old. After traveling for some time they were compelled to turn back on account of Indian depredations, so temporarily stopped at "Rubadeau's landing," now the city of St. Joseph, Mo., during the winter of 1843. Here a son was born to Mrs. Welch.

In the spring of 1844 they again resumed their journey with the Gilliam party of emigrants. The spring was unusually rainy. By the overflowing of streams, as well as the softening of the ground so much time was lost that by July 1 not more than one hundred miles in a straight course had been traveled, consequently provisions were consumed, and at Fort Laramie many families were compelled to replenish, and purchase flour at $30

and $40 a barrel. Sugar could only be obtained at $1.50 a pound.

On reaching Fort Bridger they were bitterly disappointed when told they were only half way to their destination. Upon arriving at the Deschutes it was necessary to have guides when fording the river, and here pillaging was done in a systematic manner by collusion between the Indian guides, who extorted all they could from emigrants for showing them the ford. The party of the year before having posted notices by the way of the course to be taken enabled the emigrants to make good time over the latter part of their journey. So after many tedious months they finally arrived at Oregon City, Oregon, in December, 1844, where Mr. Welch actively engaged in the lumber business.

In 1845 Mr. Welch met John M. Shiveley in Oregon City, who had located a donation land claim at Astoria. He induced Mr. Welch to purchase an undivided one-half interest therein.

In the spring of 1846 Mr. and Mrs. James Welch, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. David Ingalls, with their families and five men came to Astoria, and located permanently. Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Ingalls were the first white woman to locate in Astoria, there being a Hudson's bay station here at that time.

Mr. Welch having bought the land claim and knowing he would lose it if he did not occupy it, was compelled to come when his wife was seriously ill with the measles. She was brought down the river in her bed. Of their arrival in Astoria they camped on the grounds where they made their home.

When Mr. Welch in the spring of 1846 began to build the first frame house in the town, on what is now called block 17, Shiveley's Astoria, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company ordered him off. But Mr. Welch being a man of great determination would not be baffled. He declared it would take all the guns of the fort to stop him. He stated that this was American soil; he owned the 320 acres and would build where he pleased—and he did, obtaining lumber from Hun's sawmill about twenty-five miles up the Columbia river; lumber being worth $30 per thousand. Mr. Welch afterward sold the first house he built and erected an-

other, using for flooring in this white pine lumber that cost $60 per thousand. This house was built on the northeast corner of the block, where it stood until a few years ago, when Mrs. Welch had it moved to give place to a more modern house.

Now thinking of the Astoria of that time, we can but wonder at the fortitude and courage, the serenity and happy contentment that enabled Mrs. Welch to set to work to help her husband and make a home on the banks of the Oregon (now Columbia) within the sound of the roar of the Pacific ocean, with only a few companionable people, surrounded by dense forests, wild beasts and Indians. Her life must for many long months have been often desolate and lonely. The writer has often heard Mrs. Welch tell how she protected her home and children from the depredations of the Indians with her rifle, in her husband's absence. They would try to enter her house. and when prevented would throw stones at them, shoot at the house, and threaten violence in various ways. But she being possessed of rare physical courage, traits that many of those pioneers were endowed with, was always able to defend herself and home.

The necessaries of life were procured at the Hudson's Bay trading post at Oregon City or Vancouver, which was also a Hudson's Bay trading station, and when we remember that the journey to those stations was made in Indian canoes and bateaux, and it took from three to six weeks to make the journey, purchase supplies and return, we may be enabled to have a slight conception of the many vicissitudes, trials and hardships this pioneer mother was called upon to endure, surrounded by her family of small children, spending the weary nights alone, while the father was away on those periodical journeys.

Fortunately food was plentiful in the settled part of the country. But the great want of the newcomers was clothing. All the goods in the several stores being exhausted, even at Vancouver there being no stock on hand except the reserved cargo, which was not open for use. Clothing was made by putting piece to piece together regardless of color or texture, and moccasins tak-

ing the place of boots and shoes was the universal foot covering.

During Mr. Welch's absence on one of those trips to Oregon City for provisions and other necessaries, Mrs. Welch was taken suddenly ill, and sank away into a comotose state. By accident Mr. W. H. Gray, the honored pioneer, being the only acting physician at the mouth of the Columbia, came to the house to stay over night with his friends, as was the custom in those times. On being informed of Mrs. Welch's condition he immediately went to work with what stimulants he had at hand and succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. Mrs. Welch has related this incident very often and always spoke with much feeling of gratitude of the manly, noble pioneer who saved her life to her family for many long years after.

Mrs. Welch had a moral courage that was so great it precluded any shadow of cant, hypocrisy or deception. She wore upon her brow throughout a long life of arduous duties, trials and temptations the insignia of moral worth and womanly purity, the brightest jewel in the crown of life. She was a woman true to herself, and it naturally followed that she was true to others. In relating the many hardships incident to her early life, there was never a shadow of self-pity, never a thought of what might have been—only a womanly, noble, self-reliant feeling that her duty had always been done as best she knew. Being a true Christian woman, her many acts of kindness and charity will leave for her a name that will be blazoned upon the pages of the history of Oregon and Clatsop county. She has left footprints on the sand of time which no wave of oblivion can efface, while the name of our state, Oregon, shall be spoken by men.

She was a true and devoted wife and mother, deeply attached to her home and friends.

In the fall of 1893 Mrs. Welch, in company with her youngest daughter, for the first time in all these years visited the scenes of her early life, visiting her brothers' children in various parts of Iowa, and her only surviving brother in Atchison, Kansas, whom she had not seen for 53 years, and attended the world's

great exposition in Chicago, which she greatly enjoyed, but returned to her dear adopted Oregon, happy and grateful in the thought that her home was in the best part of the world, as she expressed it. She saw no place equal to the evergreen carpeted Oregon.

In October, 1895, she visited California, and after a protracted visit, and seeing her old-time friend Mrs. Ingalls laid to rest in Los Angeles, Cal., she again returned to her home filled with thankful gratitude that her life had been spared to again enjoy the dear loved scenes, every one of which the tendrils of her heart were closely woven about.

Mrs. Welch was the mother of eleven children, five of whom are now living—James W. Welch, John W. Welch, Mrs. Sarah F. Wood, Daniel H. Welch and Mrs. Mary I. Gillette, all of Astoria. Fourteen grandchildren are living.

Of her we may truthfully say she was indeed a typical pioneer woman, having been born in the western wilds of Ohio, was inured to the privations and hardships, the toils and dangers of Ohio pioneers, which eminently fitted her to cope with the greater dangers and privations she had to endure in helping to establish a home on the Pacific coast.

After a useful life of 78 years Mrs. Nancy Dickerson Welch, at 6:30 P. M., on Tuesday evening, February 11, 1896, surrendered this life to her Lord, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, her husband, James Welch, having died in 1876. On the Friday following her death the funeral took place from her late residence, the Rev. E. S. Bollinger, of the First Congregational church, officiating. The spacious grounds were filled with a mourning mass of humanity which by their attendance paid their farewell tribute to her who first of her sex and race located in Astoria, and assisted in turning a wilderness into civilization. Her friends gave abundant evidence that she solved the principles of life. In recognition of the noble qualities of Mrs. Nancy Welch and the effort for the moral and social advancement of our city by this pioneer lady, every business place and all schools throughout

the city were closed that all might attend her funeral. The representatives of the city government attended in a body. The members of the Oregon Pioneer Society, of which she was a member, was present to pay tribute to the honored dead. A perfect Christian quiet prevailed, the city being at rest during the service. The weather even was propitious, as though willing to add to this closing scene.

So after a life of earnest grappling with the stern realities, we will lay her to rest beside her dear ones who have gone before, and midst the scenes she loved.

ESTHER D'ARMON TAYLOR.

Mrs. Esther D'Armon Taylor, daughter of Esther and Samuel D'Armon, was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, July 17, 1823. Her parents moved to Ohio when she was but a child, and there, in 1839, she married James Taylor. They made a home in Kalida, and two children were born to them there, the eldest dying when only two years old. In 1844 there was much talk of the great country on the northwest coast and Mr. Taylor decided to join the immigrants the next season and to take the long trip across the plains. This he did for the love of adventure and also for the benefit of his health, which at that time had been greatly impaired. He expected to leave his wife and infant daughter in Ohio until his return, or at least until he had seen what this far-off land was like—but Mrs. Taylor would not listen to this plan and insisted that she was quite as able and ready to go as he. So they made all arrangements, leaving Lima, Ohio, March 6, 1845, for Independence, Mo., where their company was forming. They left Independence May 10, and arrived in Oregon City on the 10th of the following October, after an exceedingly pleasant journey across the plains. Mrs. Taylor was then just 21. They experienced many hardships and privations, but Mrs. Taylor was al-

ways cheerful and hopeful and quite enjoyed the long journey. She was often heard to say in later years that the months spent on the road were among the happiest of her life. The last week of their journey came near being a very disastrous one. They were caught in the snow in the Cascade mountains, and feared that they would not be able to get their teams and cattle through that winter. So it was decided that Mr. Taylor should take the women and children of the party and push through to Oregon City. They were to take a shorter trail, where the wagons could not pass, and expected to get through in two or three days. But it took them much longer, and their provisions gave out, leaving them for several days almost entirely out of food. Fortunately they reached the settlement before they suffered more than very severe hunger. The most discouraging time for the pioneers was after they had reached the end of their long journey, when they expected or hoped to find some of the comforts of civilization. Mrs. Taylor was often heard to say that she was more homesick that first winter than at any time on the long journey, or in all the years afterwards, and that many times she wished herself out on the plains again. That first year was spent in Oregon City. In 1846 Colonel Taylor bought a tract of land on Clatsop Plains, and early the following spring moved his family there. They built the first frame house in that new settlement, and it was their home until the breaking out of the Cayuse war in 1847, when they went back to Oregon City, and Colonel Taylor, leaving his family there, pushed on and joined the volunteer troops then in the field. They continued to live in Oregon City for a number of years, but returned to their home on Clatsop Plains in 1850. Then their eldest son, the third child, died.

Mrs. Taylor was always energetic and interested in every good movement. Although not a member of the Presbyterian church at that time, no one was more interested in the building of that little church on Clatsop, which was really the first Presbyterian church in Oregon. After Astoria became a port of entry Mr. and Mrs. Taylor moved there, where they resided until Mrs. Taylor's death, October 23, 1893. Mrs. Taylor was a thorough pioneer, fond

of excitement and always ready for any emergency. Although suffering much from ill-health, and with many family cares and privations incidental to pioneer life, she was always ready to help others and to make and enjoy whatever pleasure was to be gotten out of life.

Surrounded by her loving husband and cherished children, she breathed her last in their beautiful Astoria home. Some months before her death, feeling that her lease of life was uncertain, with her husband, she selected the spot that should be their resting place—in that beautiful "old Clatsop cemetery," near where stood the first Presbyterian church in Oregon. Here Mrs. Taylor was laid to rest, by tender and loving hands. She was soon followed by that devoted husband, who had honored and blessed her throughout her long and useful life. There side by side, these noble old pioneers sleep the last sleep, within the sound of the grand old "Pacific," whose never-ending music they loved so well! The surviving children of Colonel and Mrs. Taylor are Ione E. White, widow of the late Captain J. W. White, of the United States revenue service, Oakland, California; Edward A. Taylor, ex-collector of United States customs at Astoria; Judge F. J. Taylor, present mayor of Astoria, and a prominent attorney of that city; Mary, wife of Mr. Fred R. Strong, so well and favorably known as a lawyer of Portland, Oregon, and Kate, the wife of Mr. George Taylor, of the firm of Taylor, Young & Co., Portland.

A. D. BALLARD

BY W. G. BALLARD.

The subject of this sketch was born in Jacksonville, Morgan county, Illinois, November 9, 1828. He came to Oregon in the fall of 1852, and lived at Canemah the winter of 1852-3. In the summer of 1853 he, in company with others, went to Fort Steilacoom,

Wash., where they engaged in furnishing vessels with piles for the San Francisco trade. He furnished the piles for the foundation of the San Francisco postoffice building. He remained at Fort Steilacoom until the fall of 1854, when he went to California and joined his younger brother, W. G. Ballard, who was then engaged in mining in Calaveras county, near Murphy's Camp. After trying the fortunes of a miner's life for a time, he went to Stockton, and for a number of years worked at his trade, which was that of wagon and carriage-maker.

In the spring of 1867 he came back to Oregon and continued to work at his trade for some time, when he went to Fort Walla Walla, W. T., and was in the employ of the government there and at Fort Lapwai for a number of years, until the winter of 1883, when he returned to Portland, where he continued to work at his trade until a short time before his death, which occurred May 15, 1897. The immediate cause of his death was a carbuncle on the back of his neck, from which he suffered intensely for a long time previous to his death.

REV. H. H. SPALDING, MRS. E. H. SPALDING AND MRS. R. J. SPALDING

BY REV. M. EELLS.

Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding was born at Prattsburg, New York, November 26, 1803. In early life he was left an orphan, and from the age of 14 months he was brought up in a stranger's house by one who proved to be a father, near Wheeler, Steuben county, N. Y. In 1821 he went to live with Ezra Rice, a Universalist, where he worked for his board and went to school, some, at least, during the winter of 1825. He had attended school very little previous to that, as then, at the age of 21, he began grammar

and arithmetic, could read so as to be understood and write after a copy. The next summer he attended Franklin Academy at Prattsburg, boarding three miles from the academy and working on Wednesdays to pay for his board. That year he became a Christian and joined the Presbyterian church. The next winter he taught his first school and for two years his time was divided between attending and teaching school.

About this time he decided to devote his life to the cause of missions, and so in 1828 he took up at the Prattsburg Academy studies preparatory to college. He had some help from the Education Society. This, with what he obtained by teaching, the kindness of many friends, the practice of boarding himself, and manual labor, carried him through the preparatory course and enabled him to leave for college with $150. He entered the junior class of Hamilton College in 1831, half way through; but owing to a hostile spirit there against students who were aided by the Education Society, he and a few others left and went to the Western Reserve College in Ohio, where he graduated in 1833.

October 12, 1833, he was married to Miss Eliza Hart, of Trenton, N. J. She was born at Berlin, Conn., July 11, 1807; was the daughter of Captain Levi and Martha Hart, and was brought up and educated in Ontario county, N. Y. At the age of 18 she united with the Presbyterian church at Holland Patent, N. Y. Feeling it to be her duty to distribute tracts, she did so, but was scorned for it by her worldly asociates, but it did not stop her any more than afterwards she was stopped from coming to Oregon, because prominent men discouraged her.

That fall they went to Cincinnati, where Mr. Spalding entered Lane Theological Seminary, and although he received no further aid from the Education Society, because its rules would not permit it to help married students, yet they sustained themselves, bought a library worth $150, gave $50 a year to the cause of missions, and had enough left to visit Mrs. Spalding's friends in New York and also to go to Prattsburg. He was ordained in August, 1835, by the Bath Presbytery, at Big Flats, Tioga county. Soon after this they were appointed by the American Board of Commissioners for For-

eign Missions as missionaries to the Osage Indians, where they expected to go the next spring.

In 1835 Dr. M. Whitman and Rev. S. Parker started to explore Oregon, under the American Board. When they reached the Rocky mountains they learned so much that it was thought best for Dr. Whitman to return east for missionaries, while Mr. Parker should proceed to Oregon and explore. During the winter of 1835-6, however, he found no one who would go. The American Board gave him the names of several then under appointment to other mission fields, with the permission to take them to Oregon if he could induce them to go, but all declined. At last the names of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were given him. During the winter Mrs. Spalding had been sick, but she had recovered so much that, although unable to walk a quarter of a mile, she had started with her husband in a sleigh for their field among the Osages. Dr. Whitman overtook them among the snows of Western New York and asked them to go to Oregon. After a short conversation, Mr. Spalding made up his mind that it was not his duty to go, as he did not believe that the health of his wife would permit it, though he left the final decision to her. Having reached a hotel, they asked divine direction, whereupon she, with a beaming face, announced her decision to go to Oregon. Her husband tried to dissuade her, but she replied, "I like the command just as it stands, 'Go ye into all the world,' with no exceptions for poor health. The dangers in the way and the weakness of my body are his; duty is mine." The dangers from Indians were next urged upon her, but she said, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart; for I am ready not to be bound only but also to die at Jerusalem or in the Rocky mountains for the name of the Lord Jesus." So they started with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and W. H. Gray as missionary companions, and the American Fur Company as convoy from St. Louis. All along the way, however—at Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis—hands were stretched out to hold them back. Catlin assured them that they could not take women through; that the Indians would hover about the convoy and capture them; that one woman had tried, but the company was mas-

sacred, the woman dragged away and never heard of again. It is no wonder that they said so, for no woman had ever before crossed the continent. But these tales did not move Mrs. Spalding a hair.

The first part of the journey from the frontiers was especially trying to Mr. Spalding. A mule kicked him; he was terribly shaken by the ague; in crossing a ferry an unruly cow, which he had hold of, jumped off, taking him along with her; a tornado scattered his cattle, swept away his tent, and tore his blankets from him, while the ague was on, leaving him to be drenched with the rain, with the usual consequences to one who has taken calomel; while the Fur Company had the start of them by five days and a half. He was about willing to turn back, but his wife said, "I have started for the Rocky mountains, and I expect to go there."

It was a hard race for the missionaries to overtake the Fur Company, but they did so on the Loup Fork, Mrs. Spalding fainting on the next to the last day, when they rode from daylight until 2 o'clock the next morning. After that the Fur Company were all kindness to them. There were 200 men and 600 animals, and everything was in the strictest military order.

On the 6th of June they were at Fort Laramie. Owing to the diet of buffalo meat, Mrs. Spalding grew weaker every day, and the captain of the company said she must stay there, for she would die for want of bread. She replied, "No; I started to go over the mountains in the name of my Savior, and I must go on."

July 4th they entered the South Pass. Mrs. Spalding fainted that morning, and thought she was about to die. As they laid her on the ground, she said, "Don't put me on that horse again. Leave me and save yourself." After the bread gave out it seemed as if she ate nothing, but lived on spirits of turpentine and camphor. She could not bear the smell of buffalo meat. Her pain was distressing. She said, "Oh, that I had a crust of bread from my mother's swill pail. I cannot sit on that horse in the burning sun any longer. I cannot live much longer. Go on, and save yourself and carry the Book to the Indians. I shall never see

them. My work is done. But bless God that he has brought me thus far. Tell my mother that I am not sorry that I came."

She, however, rallied, went on, and on that Independence day saw the waters that flowed toward the Pacific. Alighting from their horses, with the Bible in one hand and the American flag in the other, they took possession of the Pacific coast for American mothers and Christ. They thanked God for his help thus far, and prayed for further assistance for all, and especially for Mrs. Spalding. Though pain racked her frame, yet with a beaming face she said, "Is it a reality or a dream that, after months of hard journeying, I am alive and actually standing in the summit of the Rocky mountains, where yet the foot of a white woman never trod?"

Soon they came to the American rendezvous, where trappers, traders and Indians met for trade. Rough mountaineers were there who had hardly seen a white woman since they had left the States. Some of them wept as they took the hands of these women. Said one of them, "From that day I was a better man." The Nez Perce women took possession of Mrs. Spalding, brought her biscuit root and trout, and from that time their future and hers were one. Captain Drips gave her some dried apples and flour. The roots and trout from the Indians agreed with her, the fever left her, ten days of rest gave her new strength, and she went on safely.

Of the two women, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, the latter soon became the favorite with the Indians, taking herself to the study of the language, while the former was the favorite with the mountain men. At the crossing of Snake river they were treated to a novel and not altogether pleasant mode of ferriage. This was a raft of bundles of rushes, woven together by grass ropes. On this they were obliged to lie down, while an Indian swam across and drew it after him by a rope. The waters were rough and swift, but they went across safely.

Mr. Spalding afterward wrote to the Missionary Board: "Never send another white woman over these mountains, if you have any regard for human life." But the deed was done. It was too late

to stop the rolling of the stone. Indeed, God was pushing it. For four years only missionary women came, and then many others.

The anticipation of better food when they were about to reach Fort Walla Walla was very exciting, but the reality was more so. When they arrived there the kindness of Mr. A. D. Pambrun, and the exchange of sour, mouldy, dry buffalo meat. morning, noon and night for days and weeks, for potatoes, bread and other vegetables, made them almost forget what they had been going through.

Mr. Spalding was the writer for the company, describing the journey. Mrs. Spalding also kept a journal, but it was very different from his, being filled mainly with her own thoughts and feelings about leaving home, her anticipated work as a missionary, and her Christian experience. "No skeptic even," says Hon. S. A. Clarke, "could read this journal, intended for no foreign eye, and not accord her sincerity and true charity and devotion to duty."

On the 3d of September they arrived at Fort Walla Walla (now Wallula). Resting there for three days, they went down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver to consult with Dr. J. McLoughlin, then governor of the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon, in regard to the location of their station and their future plans. There they arrived September 12th. Thus the first American white women crossed the continent, and it has justly been regarded as forming an important epoch in the history of Oregon. They demonstrated, what had not hitherto been believed, that women could make the journey, and so that Oregon could be peopled overland by Americans, and hence was worth saving to the United States.

The ladies remained there a few weeks, while the gentlemen, accompanied by Mr. Pambrun, returned east of the mountains to select their stations. Dr. Whitman selected his in the Walla Walla valley, and Mr. Spalding's was at Lapwai, Idaho, among the Nez Perces. There Mrs. Spalding went, arriving November 29th, living in a hut made of buffalo skins at first, but by December 23d they had a house so far completed that they moved into it, and in January Mrs. Spalding opened her first school among the Indians.

She taught but a few hours a day, but at first the interest was so great that when she left those who had learned their lesson in turn taught it to others. The school numbered about a hundred of all ages from the child to the mother, father and grandparents. Their interest in religion was almost as great as that in education.

In 1838, Mr. W. H. Gray and Mr. C. Rogers, of the reinforcement of that year, were associated with Mr. Spalding for a time. That winter there was great interest in work, as they dug a mill race; in agriculture, on account of the success of Mr. Spalding the previous year in this line, when about 2,000 bushels of wheat, corn, peas, potatoes and the like had been raised; and in religion, an eight days' meeting having been held, which thousands attended. The next year, 1839, a printing press was given to the mission and located at his station, and there that fall a small book of eight pages, in the Nez Perce language, was printed, the first printing done on the Pacific coast. This press was the gift of the mission at the Sandwich islands to the Oregon mission. It remained there for a few years, and was then taken to the Willamette valley, and is now in the capitol at Salem.

Rev. J. S. Griffin crossed the continent in 1839, and spent his first winter with Mr. Spalding. In November the first two Indians were received into the church, Joseph and Timothy, after a year's probation. Joseph proved recreant eight years later, but Timothy ever proved faithful. In 1840 Mr. Spalding began a translation of Genesis into the Nez Perce language. which was probably never finished. A translation of Matthew he made later, and it was published on the mission press, and in later life he translated the Gospel of John into the same language, which was published in New York by the American Bible Society. A hymn book and some elementary books were also written and published by him on the mission press in the early years of the mission. A saw mill and flour mill were built at Lapwai by 1840.

Still there were some discouragements in his work. In 1838 the first Catholic missionaries arrived in the country, which caused Mr. Spalding great solicitude. Although no Catholic priest

settled among the Nez Perces, yet what has been called "The Sectarian Picture war" resulted, owing to two pictures which were shown to the Indians, one in behalf of each religion.

In 1839 some of the Indians caused considerable trouble, and an "Infidel party" arose. Still, on the whole, the Nez Perces ever remained faithful as a tribe, and in 1843, when the Cayuses and other tribes caused so much trouble that Dr. E. White, sub-Indian agent, held a great council at Walla Walla, the Nez Perces, six hundred strong, attended by request, and aided very materially in a peaceful solution of the troubles.

About 1839 some differences arose between the missionaries, in which Mr. Spalding was involved. Because of them, in 1842, an order came from the Board to discharge Mr. Spalding and abandon the work, as well as that under Dr. Whitman among the Cayuses. Before this order reached the mission, Messrs. W. H. Gray, C. Rogers and A. B. Smith had left the mission, other differences had been settled, and the mission decided not to do as ordered until they could again hear from the Board. When Dr. Whitman made his famous journey East in 1842, he went to Boston and made such statements that the order was rescinded. It was the unanimous opinion of the members who still remained in the mission, Messrs. Whitman, Walker and Eells, as well as that of A. McKinley, Esq., then in charge of Fort Walla Walla, that Mr. Spalding ought not then to abandon his work. Rev. E. Walker wrote at that time, "I hazard nothing in saying that more has been done at that station (Mr. Spalding's) for the benefit of the natives than at any other station in the mission and," probably, "at all the other stations."

A party from Commodore Wilkes' exploring expedition around the world visited Mr. Spalding's station in 1841, and (vol. 4, pp. 489-490) they made a very favorable report of his success in teaching the Indians agriculture and civilization, and of Mrs. Spalding's success in teaching the women to spin, knit and keep house. Rev. C. G. Nicolay, in his work on "The Oregon Territory," endorses Commodore Wilkes' report, and commends Mr. Spalding's

work as about the most successful among all the missionaries in Oregon.

Thus affairs went on with its lights and shades, until November 29, 1847, when the mission was suddenly broken up by the Whitman massacre at Walla Walla. At that time Mr. Spalding was at the Umatilla, and his daughter Eliza was at Dr. Whitman's attending school. She was taken captive, and rescued with the other captives, while Mr. Spalding, learning of the massacre from Bishop Brouillet, whom he met while returning to Dr. Whitman's, took a very round-about way to his home, wher he arrived in a week, after losing his horse, traveling on foot by night, until his feet were badly lacerated, as he had to leave his boots, with very little food, and with a mind greatly troubled for fear that his entire family had been killed. He never fully recovered from the mental strain at this time, a strain which would have killed many another man, and on account of which he occasionally said and did things afterwards which seemed strange to his friends, and of which his enemies took advantage.

Mrs. Spalding and the children were, however, safe. As soon as she heard of the massacre through Mr. Canfield, who had escaped from Dr. Whitman's, she cast herself upon the protection of the Nez Perce chiefs, who proved faithful. These engaged to protect Mr. Spalding and his family and six other white men who were there, provided that they would keep the Nez Perces from danger from the Oregon volunteers when they should arrive, and this was promised, provided these Indians would keep themselves free from blood and plunder. Immediately on receiving the news of the massacre, Governor P. S. Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, went from Vancouver to Walla Walla, and by his powerful influence rescued the captives among the Indians. He also sent word to Mr. Spalding inviting him to come to Fort Walla Walla, with his party. Protected by the Nez Perces he did so, and all were then taken to Oregon City, where they were delivered to Governor Abernethy.

Although Mr. Spalding was driven from his field, yet his heart was still in it. But as long as by military proclamation he could

not return, he found it necessary to do something else. At first he taught school in the Tualatin plains, but soon after moved to the Calapooya, near where Brownsville now is. There he organized a small church, of which he was pastor until 1859, when he moved from the place. He also for a time served the church at Sand Ridge, and preached at various stations in the region. He assisted, too, in forming the Congregational and Presbyterian Association of Oregon, at Oregon City in July, 1848, of which he was a member for about twenty years, when he transferred his relation to the Presbytery of Oregon.

January 7, 1851, Mrs. Spalding died. Her health had often been poor, and the excitement and suspense at the time of the massacre, in regard to her husband and daughter Eliza, were too much for her life forces. As the sun poured in a short time before her death, her husband said to her, "You will soon look on more beautiful shores." She replied, "I have no fears as to that." Again she added, "How sweet to have Jesus at my side on this dying bed, just near enough to be a most desirable object of faith." "Your sufferings are great, but the crown will be the brighter," said Mr. Spalding. She anwered, "Do not speak of my sufferings; the sufferings of Jesus were so much greater," and so she passed away.

In May, 1853, Mr. Spalding was again married at Hillsboro, Oregon. His second wife was Miss Rachel J. Smith, the sister of Mrs. J. S. Griffin. She was born in Boston, Mass., January 31, 1808, where she lived until she came to Oregon in 1852.

In 1849 and 1850, Mr. Spalding was School Superintendent of Linn county; from 1850 to 1855 he was Commissioner of Schools for Oregon; he was also one of the first trustees of Whitman Seminary (now Whitman College) at Walla Walla, when it was incorporated in 1859. June 24, 1850, he was appointed Indian agent by President Zachary Taylor, an office he held until 1853. When he received this commission his relations as a missionary of the American Board necessarily ceased, according to a rule of that society.

In 1855, when the treaty was made at Walla Walla, with the

Cayuses and Nez Perces, it was found that about one-third of the three thousand Nez Perces kept up regular family and public worship. Timothy, during those seven years, from 1848 to 1855, had been their faithful preacher. The Nez Perces and Protestant part of the Cayuses were the chief agents in securing a peaceful council and treaty, for the Yakima war, which soon followed, was then brewing in the hearts of many Indians then present. Then followed that in 1855-6, and Colonel Steptoe's defeat, and General Wright's campaign and complete conquest of the Indians in Eastern Oregon and Washington in 1858. During these wars the Nez Perces remained loyal to the Americans and very materially aided our troops.

In 1859, by military proclamation, the country east of the Cascade mountains was opened to settlement, and Mr. Spalding, advised by his Christian brethren, started to resume his old work. But for three years, by order of the government, he was not allowed to resume his work among the Nez Perces, influenced, as Mr. Spalding believed, by the Catholics. In fact, most of the time from their first arrival in the county, in 1838, until the time of his death, he was in constant conflict with them. Most of these three years of waiting was spent in the region of Walla Walla.

In 1862 Mr. Spalding was appointed teacher on the Nez Perce reservation, and he was received very cordially by the Indians; but affairs soon changed, and he was ordered off the reservation, and when he did not wish to go the agent ordered the soldiers from the garrison at Lapwai to pull down his house and throw it into the river, which they did, and he left. The agent died, and was succeeded by J. W. Anderson, who, in concurrence with C. H. Hale, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, favored Mr. Spalding. But Mr. Anderson was removed, and his successor, Mr. O'Neill, opposed Mr. Spalding. Governor Lyon, then recently appointed governor of Idaho, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, arrived, and did all he could to favor him. This did not last long, however, for Governor Lyon was removed, and Mr. Spalding was again driven from the reservation, not this time by the Indians, but by the whites, as he found that his life and that of his wife

would be in danger were they to remain. The Indians begged for him to be allowed to remain, but his enemies had the advantage. As a specimen of their animus, Captain Noble, in command of Fort Walla Walla, said to Mr. Spalding in the presence of Governor Lyon, "I know your history. I tell you plainly that you and Whitman ought to have been hung." He returned to Brownsville, where he was nominally a home misionary from 1866 to 1871.

A new attack on missions now aroused Mr. Spalding. In 1848, believing that the Catholics were the cause of the Whitman massacre, he wrote a series of articles to prove it, which were printed in the Oregon American and Evangelical Unionist. Bishop Brouillet replied in a pamphlet denying this, and charged that it was caused by the acts of Dr. Whitman and other missionaries. After the Yakima war of 1855-6, J. Ross Browne was requested to make a report on the causes of the Indian wars in Oregon and Washington. He did so, in 1857, writing a dozen octavo pages, and then embodying the whole of Bishop Brouillet's pamphlet as the rest of the report, constituting fifty-three additional pages. The whole was published by authority of Congress as Executive Document No. 38, Thirty-fifth Congress. As long as it had been a private discussion, Mr. Spalding was willing to write privately, but when it became a public print, under an authority of Congress, he felt as if an answer ought also to be printed by the same authority. He accordingly prepared a reply, obtaining many affidavits and opinions from various persons in Oregon and Washington as to the benefit which Dr. Whitman and the mission had been to Oregon, secured the passage of resolutions of similar import, by several Protestant ecclesiastical organizations of Oregon. He then went East, and with the aid of influential persons in the East, it was published by Congress in 1871 as Executive Document No. 37, Forty-first Congress. This made him very happy. Still this rose had its thorn—for it is said that some one entered the printing office secretly, after the printing was done, but before the pamphlets were distributed, and destroyed or carried off half or more of them.

When he went East at that time he also carried with him an-

other book, which he had written, on the same general subject, only much larger. This was left with a gentleman in New York, who promised to see that it should be published; but this was not done, and it is not known what became of it.

About the time Mr. Spalding was in the East, changes were taking place in the Indian department. President Grant had adopted the "Peace policy," and the Nez Perce reservation had been assigned to the Presbyterians. The government appointed him Superintendent of Education, and the Presbyterian Mission Board appointed him Superintendent of Missions there. The agent, however, did not wish him to occupy the former position, and after some trouble succeeded in removing him. But the Indians received him as their missionary with open arms. Three or four series of meetings were held in different places on the reservation, and hundreds professed to become Christians. In 1873 a delegation of Spokane Indians requested him to go to their land for similar work. He did so. Between 1871 and 1874 he baptized 694 Nez Perces and 253 Spokane Indians, and even a chief of the Umatillas visited him to receive baptism on his death bed. It was to be expected that amid so much excitement many would be baptized who were not true Christians. After his death a sifting of such took place, but even then three hundred of the Nez Perces were judged to be worthy of membership in the Presbyterian church.

But his work drew to a close. In July, 1874, while at Kamiah, he was taken sick, and left for his home in Lapwai. Here he lingered until August 3, 1874, when peacefully and quietly he fell asleep without one struggle at the age of nearly 71. "Do you feel that Jesus is with you, and helps you?" was asked of him, when almost over the river. "Jesus only; Oh, how I love him," was his reply, and they were his last words on earth. He was buried at the mission cemetery at Lapwai. After his death his wife lived with her sister, Mrs. Griffin, at Hillsboro, nearly six years, when she died, April 28, 1880, of apoplexy, at the age of 72.

Three great events are due largely to the lives and work of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding: the making of American homes on the Pacific

coast; the friendship of the Protestant Nez Perces during several Indian wars, and the civilization and Christianization of the Nez Perces.

In regard to the first of these, nothing can be more appropriate than the following from the pen of the late Hon. Elwood Evans, written in 1869: "The history of the Oregon controversy developed the fact that it long continued to be doubted whether it were possible to people Oregon overland from the United States, or whether the territory must receive its population by sea via Cape Horn. If the former failed, then Great Britain, with her overglutted centers of population, could use Oregon as a safety valve: and all the probabilities seemed to indicate that British colonization would ultimately settle the Oregon controversy. But one-third of a century ago, two heroic, self-sacrificing American women found the solution of this problem of doubt and uncertainty. Actuated by as holy an impulse as inspired the Puritan Fathers to spread the blessings of the Christian religion in new lands, they undertook the pilgrimage to Oregon to convert the Indians. * * * How shortly after the fruit appeared in opening to Americanization the vast region, west of the Rocky mountains, preparing it for the homes of men, women and children. If women could reach Oregon overland the settlement of the territorial claim was attained. That journey accomplished safely preceded the emigrant road. As a natural consequence the railway has been substituted, the commerce of the Pacific and the eastern seas is concentrated in American cities on the Pacific coast, and the United States of America is the leading power of the world. They, the two women, were alike devoted to the glorious task of dedicating the wilderness to become the home for God's creatures, and reclaiming for their country a vast expanse of valuable territory, well nigh lost by the masterly inactivity and apathy of the government."

In regard to the second, it can be truthfully said that the Nez Perces have been noted for their friendship in times of Indian wars. In the Cayuse war of 1847-8, they protected Mr. Spalding and his associates, and even the captives who had been taken by

the Cayuses, after they had been delivered to Governor P. S. Ogden, as the Cayuses had determined to retake them. In the Yakima war of 1855-6, they furnished provisions and cattle to our army. In the war with the Coeur d'Alenes and associated bands in 1858, at one time they kept our troops under Colonel Steptoe from annihilation, and assisted in the final campaign under General Wright by furnishing scouts, who are spoken of with honor by those in command. And in the war with Chief Joseph and his band of the Nez Perces, in 1877, not one of the Protestant band aided Joseph; but, on the other hand, they furnished provisions and scouts for our troops, fighting against a portion of their own tribe.

On the third point, the civilization and Christianization of the Nez Perces, in addition to what has already been said as to the numbers whom Mr. Spalding received into the church, the following from the Oregonian of August, 1874, is to the point. It said of Mr. Spalding: "He has been a noble, self-sacrificing laborer for the elevation of the Indians. Perhaps it is to his influence, more than to any other single cause, that the Nez Perces are indebted for the distinction they enjoy of being regarded as the most intelligent and least savage of all our Indian tribes. Amid the grateful remembrance of those who came in after him to enjoy the blessings his sacrifices purchased, he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

Says General O. O. Howard about him in his book, "Chief Joseph": "His name is a household word with the Christians of the tribe. He was a brave man, and his excellent wife was the embodiment of Christian sweetness, self-sacrifice and devotion. The Indians trusted him, loved him, and even now the old men never tire of talking of his instruction and of the messages he sent them just before his death."

LEWIS GILL

Lewis Gill, an old resident of Oregon, died at his residence, on Gray's river, Washington, Tuesday morning, August 31, 1897, after an illness of 24 hours. Mr. Gill was born in Kentucky, and at his death was 81 years old. He went to Missouri in 1840, and crossed the plains with his family to Oregon in 1852, locating in Portland, where he was well known by all old pioneers. He was associated in contracting and carpenter work with Joseph Tucker, long since dead. His many acquaintances in Portland will remember the old gentleman as one of the best workmen in his line for many years. Some twenty years ago he removed to Clifton, Oregon, and engaged in the fishing business. Afterward he went to Astoria, and for several years was in partnership with Nick Clinton. During the last eight years he has lived on his farm on Gray's river, Washington, and was able to do a good day's work until within a few days of his death. His wife died thirty-five years ago, and of seven children but two are living to mourn his loss, Mrs. Susie Whitwell, of this city, and his youngest son, John, who was with his father when he died.

In 1837 Mr. Gill was married to Miss Nancy Wilson, who was born in Bardstown, Kentucky, in 1815, the town being named after her grandfather, Thomas Bard.

MEDOREM CRAWFORD

On Saturday, December 26, 1891, this noted pioneer died at his home at Dayton, Yamhill county.

Fifty years before Dr. Elijah White, who had spent three years in Oregon in connection with the Methodist missions, but had returned to the state of New York on various business, and was preparing for another journey to Oregon, found in Medorem Crawford, then an adventurous youth of 22, one who was eager to undertake the journey with him. Young Crawford's object was to seek new and better opportunities in the far West. He saw that in central New York, where he then lived, there were few opportunities for a young man without resources to make a beginning; and, as Dr. White was well known to the family, there was no doubt of the truthfulness of his representations in regard to Oregon. In the spring of 1842, a party assembled at the Missouri river for the march across the plains. Many of them had not previously known each other. Their names, comprising such male persons as were over 18 years of age, were given by Mr. Crawford in an address before the Pioneer Society of Oregon a few years ago, viz.:

"C. T. Arendell, James Brown, William Brown, Gabriel Brown, Barnum, Hugh Burns, George W. Bellamy, Bennett, Bennett, jr., Bailey (killed), Nathaniel Crocker, Nathan Combs, Patrick Clark, Alexander Copeland, A. N. Coates, Medorem Crawford, Allen Davy, John Wearnu, John Dobbiness, Samuel Davis, Foster, John Force, James Force, Girtman, Gibbs, L. W. Hastings, J. M. Hudsbeath, John Hofstetter, Hardiu Jones, A. L. Lovejoy, Reuben Lewis, F. X. Matthieu, S. W. Moss, J. L. Morrison, Stephen Meek, Alex. McKay, John McKay, Walter Pomeroy, Dwight Pomeroy, J. W. Perry, Dutch Paul, J. R. Robb, Owen Summer, T. J. Shadden, Andrew Smith, A. D. Smith, Darling Smith, Adam Storn, Aaron

Towner, Joel Turnham, Elijah White, David Watson, three Frenchmen."

The party came across the plains without unusual incident, arriving at the falls of the Willamette in the early part of October, 1842. Of those who composed the party the survivors at this time are Thomas J. Shadden, of Yamhill county; John L. Morrison (for whom Morrison street in Portland was named), who lives on an island in the lower part of Puget sound; Darling Smith, of Yamhill; F. X. Matthieu, of Marion, and S. W. Moss, of Clackamas.

Crawford's first employment in Oregon was that of a teacher in the Methodist mission school. This employment lasted nine months. In 1843 he married Adeline Brown, who was one of the women that crossed the plains with his party the year before. He had been brought up on a farm, and in the year 1844 raised a crop on the Willamette river, near the present town of Wheatland. A son was born in January, 1844, the first boy of American parentage born on the west side of the Willamette river. This son during many years has been an officer in the United States army. Mr. Crawford has left the following description of the Oregon of that early time, viz.:

"From the Willamette falls to Vancouver was a trackless wilderness, communication being only by the river in small boats and canoes. Toward Salem no sign of civilization existed until we reached the French prairie, where a few farms near the river were cultivated by former employes of the Hudson's Bay Company. West of the falls some fifteen miles was the Tualatin plains, where a few settlers, mostly from Red river, had located. Within the present limits of Yamhill county the only settlers I can remember were Sidney Smith, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher, James O'Neill, Joseph McLaughlin, —— Williams, Louis La Bonte and George Gay. There may have been one or two more, but I think not. South of George Gay's, on the west side, and on the east side south of Salem, there were no settlements in the territory."

Amos Cook is the only one of these who now survives. He

reached the Willamette valley in May, 1840, and still lives on his farm near Lafayette.

Medorem Crawford moved from the Wheatland farm in April, 1845, to Oregon City, where he supported his family by his labor. His employment during a considerable time was that of hauling goods around Willamette falls. James W. Nesmith, whose name fills so large a place in Oregon's history, and who himself came to the country in 1843, used to be fond of telling an amusing story of Medorem Crawford and his "transportation monopoly"—the first known in Oregon. Crawford's "outfit" consisted of a pair of old black oxen and an emigrant wagon, and Nesmith in after years used to say that nobody could get his goods up or down "without paying tribute to Crawford's monopoly."

In the course of his long residence in Oregon, Mr. Crawford held a good many official positions. He was a man of active mind and unusual intelligence, and was frequently called to places of public trust. His first official position was that of member of the legislature of the provisional government from 1847 to 1849. Among notable members of this legislature were J. W. Nesmith, J. L. Meek, A. J. Hembree, Robert Newell and Anderson Cox. These have all passed away, most of them long ago.

In June, 1852, Mr. Crawford moved to the farm in Yamhill county, which has been his home ever since. It was then but little improved, but of late years under his direction and with the assistance of two of his sons, it has become a splendid farm of nearly 1000 acres, highly improved, furnished with every convenience, and yielding a steady profit, as all good farming must. In 1860 Crawford was elected to the state legislature, and during the next fifteen years led a very active political and official life. He took a leading part in the election of Baker and Nesmith to the senate in the fall of 1860, and was untiring in his efforts in the Lincoln presidential campaign of that year. Early in 1861 he paid a visit to his father in the state of New York, after an absence of nineteen years. Soon he was called to Washington to receive instructions as to the conduct of an emigrant escort across the plains, for which service he had been named by Senators Nesmith

and Baker. The nominal command was given to Captain Maynadier, but Crawford had practical control of it. The sum of $50,000 had been appropriated for this service, and Crawford returned $20,000 of it to the treasury. Next year a further appropriation of $25,000 was made for a similar service, and Crawford was appointed captain in the army and given command of the escort. Again, in 1863, he took charge of a similar expedition, and each time returned to the treasury a considerable unexpended sum. About the end of the year 1863 he resigned.

This service was a very valuable one. It was the duty of the escort to protect the emigrant trains from the Indians, to keep all the emigrant trains moving forward, to cover their rear and see that all got safely through. During several years there had been many murders on the plains and women and children had been carried into captivity and never heard of more. The military escorts put a stop to these outrages, gave assistance to the emigrants and helped forward many who were but illy provided. Captain Crawford always regarded this service as the most useful he ever performed in any capacity. No parties of emigrants were massacred during these years, nor ever after.

In 1864 Crawford was appointed collector of internal revenue for Oregon. This was a new office and the law subjected the people to taxes which hitherto they had not known. The business was difficult, often delicate; it took two or three months to get answers to communications sent to Washington, and new rates and regulations were constantly added. Many of these it was impossible to comply with, and the office, then exceedingly inquisitorial, was subjected to much popular odium; yet Captain Crawford by his tact and good management met all difficulties, and held the office during the most trying period for the space of five years, receiving his salary in paper worth from 35 to 60 cents to the dollar.

In 1871 he was appointed appraiser of customs at Portland, and held this office during four years. He then returned to his Yamhill farm, where, during his last sixteen years, he lived the life of an active farmer, devoting himself with an intelligent industry

to his purpose of making a farm worthy to rank among the most highly improved and cultivated in any state.

Captain Crawford made nothing whatever out of his fifteen years of political and official life, and when he gave it up he went to his farm poorer than when he left it, without ready money and and conduct them the rest of the way. But when their officers reached the usual rendezvous there was no one there and any trace of them. Where were they? What were the missionaries' thoughts? They can go back. Possibly they could go to California with a party of trappers who were going there, and then work their way up to Oregon. This they had about decided to try to do. But some one who knew where the American Fur Company had gone, went to the old place of rendezvous, and wrote with charcoal go to such a place and you will find plenty whisky, trade and white women.

Those words "white women" told them about the missionaries, for there were no other in the country and they went there, arriving there a few days before the whole camp was about to break up. They also brought the welcome intelligence that Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding had sent fresh horses and provisions to Fort Hall for them. This, at first, almost overcame them. They felt that the God of missions had foreseen their wants and seasonably supplied them beyond their expectations.

They arrived at Dr. Whitman's August 29, 1838, and spent the winter there. There 59 years ago (Dec. 7, 1897) her first-born child was given her, Cyrus H., the oldest American white boy born on the Pacific coast. Then again they started on the 5th day of March, just one year from the day each couple were married, and went one hundred and fifty miles further north to Tshimakain, the place selected among the Spokanes for their life work. But as there was no suitable place for the ladies and the one child, these were invited to spend the time at Fort Colville until their husbands could prepare some kind of homes for them. These were finished so that they could live in them about the last of April, and then, nearly fourteen months from the time they were married they were ready to receive their bridal calls.

They were welcomed by the country, by the Indians, by the few whites here, but what a different welcome it was from what there is now. There were a few settlements in the country: A Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Vancouver, Walla Walla, Colville, Hall, Boise, Nisqually, Umpqua and Okanagon, a mission station at Walla Walla, Lapwai, The Dalles and near Salem and a very small settlement at Astoria—thirteen settlements between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific, the British line and California which was then a part of Mexico. Besides those connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, there was as near as can be ascertained, fifty-one Americans in the same region to welcome them, of whom thirty were connected either with the Methodist missions or those of the American Board. Of these fourteen were females, all of whom were connected with the missions, ten of them having come around Cape Horn, two across the continent and two infants who had been born here. These were all who there were in the country to welcome Mrs. Walker. Not one American white woman who had come here as a regular settler. Their nearest white neighbors for nine years were at Fort Colville, seventy miles away, and the next at Lapwai, 120 miles distant. Surely they were the pioneers of the pioneers.

What were their homes where they were ready to receive callers? Log pens, fourteen feet square on the outside, less than twelve inside, of logs about a foot in diameter, with the earth for a floor and pine boughs for a roof. As these did not shelter, they placed earth on top, and for a carpet the ladies brought in pine boughs, and when they became dry they took them out and brought in new ones.

However, such a woman did not live in such a house always. for when Lieutenant R. E. Johnson, and Mr. Maxwell of Commodore Wilkes' expedition visited the place in 1841, two years later, finding the men absent at a meeting of the mission, he says he was received by the ladies with great hospitality, and though living in rough log huts, everything about them was scrupulously clean, and that they both seemed to be happy, cheerful and contented with their situation.

For a table they brought a few boards seventy miles, drove stakes into the ground floor and had an immovable table. In course of years they did get more lumber, enough to make a floor, but all was sawed out by hand. For window glass they had, at first, cotton cloth. In the winter that let in too much cold, so they used undressed deer skin oiled, and after some years obtained some glass from Massachusetts, but never during their whole stay there to 1848 did they have a cook stove.

And what about their food? They had vegetables, wild berries and some flour. At Dr. Whitman's during the first winter their flour was brought either from Vancouver or Fort Colville over 200 miles either way, where were the only two flour mills in the country, and it was worth $24 a barrel. So they were allowed a small baking once a week which by economy lasted two or three days, and then they ate boiled wheat and corn. At Tshimakain they were more highly favored as their flour mill was at Colville only seventy miles distant, but on account of frost, which some years ago came every month, they could only have corn and the more tender vegetables about once in three years. Did they have beef? Yes, horse flesh, six or eight horses having been killed for this purpose during their first winter at Dr. Whitman's.

And that food, they said, was so much better than what they had had while crossing the plains, when it was buffalo, morning, noon and night, week after week, buffalo, buffalo, buffalo, until some of them could not eat it, as it made them sick. At Tshimakain they salted down about one horse a year for a number of years. There were no cattle in the country? Yes, a few, but, except a few owned by the mission, the Hudson's Bay Company owned all, and neither love nor money could buy one. Yes, they did have one piece of beef in 1838. An old cow twenty years old, the mother of all the cattle in that region, which had not a tooth in her head, was killed at the Hudson's Bay fort, Walla Walla, as as one who commences life upon a homestead; but his intelligent energy applied to the management of his farm in a few years placed him in easy circumstances.

Medorem Crawford was born June 24, 1819. He was a little

past 23 years of age when he reached Oregon, and he spent here an active life of nearly fifty years. Known to every person in Oregon during many years, and remembered latterly by all who retain recollections of early days in Oregon, Medorem Crawford was a man to fix the impress of his individuality and character upon any community. He had an open and generous nature, he was a man remembered for truth, integrity and fidelity. He was always true to his principles and faithful to his friends; as a pioneer, he was among the most intelligent, far-seeing and energetic, and, as a state-builder, he bore a very important part.

Though he had reached old age, his death was due to a cruel disease. A year before a cancerous growth began on the tongue and in the throat. A surgical operation appeared to give relief for a time, but soon it was apparent that the disease had not been extirpated, that it would run its course and he had but to wait for death. With quiet fortitude he accepted the decree and bore his affliction throughout with the spirit that became a man. His mortal remains were interred at Lafayette. In the history of pioneer life in Oregon his name will ever have mention, and the work that he and his associates did will constantly renew itself as a cumulative force in the life and growth of the state.

MRS. MARY RICHARDSON WALKER

BY MYRON EELLS.

The subject of this sketch died at Forest Grove, December 4, 1897.

The pioneers of Oregon have held an honored place in this state for many years, and their annual re-unions have been times when their deeds and lives have been told to the later comers with great eloquence. But there is one item, said the Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association to me about five years ago, which seemed to him to have been omitted almost entirely; and that is the patience and heroism of our mothers. If you look over the transactions of that body to that time you will find this to be true. Each of the early emigrations from 1841 on had been remembered, there had been addresses about early steamboating, railroading, Indian wars, the sons of the pioneers and so on, but none about the pioneer mothers. Since that there has been one address which partially covered this point. If you will look further through those valuable transactions you will also find that there have been no addresses about the early missionaries who came previous to the emigration of 1841, which was the first regular one that came for settlement, says Hon. H. H. Gilfry, reading clerk of the United States senate, himself a graduate of that honored insitution which had its origin among the missionaries to the Indians, the Willamette University, in his address on Oregon at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. Says this man, "Yet these missionaries cannot be truly called the pioneers of settlement, as they did not go west to attack the forest and cultivate the soil for the result of husbandry, but their going opened the way and attracted the pioneers to follow." Perhaps it is true that they "cannot be truly called the pioneers of settlement," perhaps

it is not true; but if it is, they were more—they prepared the way for the pioneers; they were the pioneers of the pioneers.

Today, however, we will reverse the order. Instead of omitting the mothers and the missionaries—we will endeavor to honor the memory of one who belonged to both—a mother who helped to prepare the way for the pioneers—a mother in Israel.

Mrs. Mary Richardson Walker was born at Baldwin, Maine, April 1, 1811. She was the daughter of Joseph and Charlotte T. Richardson. Two of her great grandfathers were Revolutionary soldiers, one, D. Thompson, falling at Lexington. The oldest child died when Mary was about three months old and she was left the oldest of ten children. Her mother was probably the more forcible in character of the two parents and was of an intensely religious nature and Mary inherited these qualities from her. Her father was a man of sterling worth and had an original and practical turn of mind which the daughter inherited. Both had a good education so that they taught school, and after this daughter had received a good education at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Reedfield, Maine, which she finished when about twenty years old, she, likewise, taught school until about the time of her marriage. She made a profession of religion at the age of twenty, and six years later offered herself to the American Board as their missionary and was accepted.

Before, however, it was time for her to go, she had become acquainted with Mr. Walker and they were married, a union which continued for more than forty years in this world, until her husband's death, November 21, 1877, and an eternal affection in the glorious heaven where they are now reunited.

It seemed best, however, to the board that the two should go togther, and a call soon came from Oregon. In the latter part of 1837, Mr. W. H. Gray came with a message from Dr. Marcus Whitman, Rev. H. H. Spalding and their wives who were the first missionaries of the American Board to Oregon the year before, and from the Indians of the same region saying, "Come over the Rocky Mountains and help us." This call was heeded, and on the fifth day of March, 1838, both couple were married, the one

in Maine, the other in Massachusetts, and then began the long bridal tour of about 3,500 miles. What a journey it was! Pioneers now speak of the great hardships they endured when they came in ox wagons. But when Mrs. Walker came there were no wagons of any kind, nor for five years afterward. It was to be on horseback and only two women, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding had ever made the trip even in that way.

On March 17, the two couples met for the first time, in New York, and there on the next day they received their instructions in Dr. Gardiner Spring's church from Rev. David Green, a Secretary of the American Board; the next day they were joined by Rev. A. B. Smith and wife from Vermont and Massachusetts, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Walker tented all the way across the plains, and on Tuesday they began their journey.

I have not time, nor is this the proper place to describe this journey which occupied 129 days on horseback, from Missouri, 177 days from their homes, until they reached Dr. Whitman's station in the Walla Walla valley August 29, 1838.

They left Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, on an extra stage on Thursday, the regular one being full, with the promise of being in Pittsburg Saturday afternoon. There were the three couples, and one other man and wife. Saturday night found them thirty miles from Pittsburg. Shall they go on? If they do they will be taken care of free. If they stay, it will cost them five dollars a couple. The driver says he will do as the party decides. The other man wanted to go on, though he and his wife professed to be Christians, and were going west to do good. The missionaries vote to stay, and in order to satisfy the other couple, offer to pay his hotel bills and did do so. As they were the majority they stayed. On Monday, however, they overtook the regular stage, which had broken down, and arrived at Pittsburg first.

When they reached the North Fork of the Platte it was raining. The river was high. The snows on the Rocky mountains were in sight, and were melting. The men were busy up to their waists in the cold water swimming their animals across, and so could not assist their wives. The river was rising and flooding

the bottom and running into their tents from beneath. It is water above, and water beneath, and water all around. Mrs. Walker went into her tent, piled up the things as best she could, to keep them out of the water, sat on top of them. You all know how pleasant and cheerful she generally was even down to old age. She was also then young, strong and vigorous. But this was too much for her. She was crying. Why? She was thinking of her father's farm, and of her father's swine, and how much more comfortable they were, than she was.

They reached the American Rendezvous in the Rocky mountains. Hitherto they had traveled with the American Fur Company who traded for furs with Indians on the East Side of the Rocky mountains, while the Hudson's Bay Company had the field on this side. Without some such protection the journey could not be made. Usually the two companies met somewhere in the Rocky mountains, bought furs of the Indians, and trappers and then each returned to their own side. But that year the American Fur Company was angry with the Hudson's Bay Company, and instead of going to the usual place, hid away and went a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles to the north. Mr. Gray had told the Hudson's Bay Company that he expected to bring a party out that year and as he had been kind to their agent, F. Ermatinger, they expected to meet the missionaries at the Rendezvous and conduct them the rest of the way. But when their officers reached the usual rendezvous there was no one there and no trace of them. Where were they? What were the missionaries' thoughts? They can go back. Possibly they could go to California with a party of trappers who were going there, and then work their way up to Oregon. This they had about decided to try to do. But some one who knew where the American Fur Company had gone, went to the old place of rendezvous, and wrote with charcoal, go to such a place and you will find plenty whisky, trade and white women.

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They were welcomed by the country, by the Indians, by the few whites here, but what a different welcome it was from what there is now. There were a few settlements in the country: A Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Vancouver, Walla Walla, Colville, Hall, Boise, Nisqually, Umpqua and Okanagon, a mission station at Walla Walla, Lapwai, The Dalles and near Salem and a very small settlement at Astoria—thirteen settlements between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific, the British line and California which was then a part of Mexico. Besides those connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, there was as near as can be ascertained, fifty-one Americans in the same region to welcome them, of whom thirty were connected either with the Methodist missions or those of the American Board. Of these fourteen were females, all of whom were connected with the missions, ten of them having come around Cape Horn, two across the continent and two infants who had been born here. These were all who there were in the country to welcome Mrs. Walker. Not one American white woman who had come here as a regular settler. Their nearest

white neighbors for nine years were at Fort Colville, seventy miles away, and the next at Lapwai, 120 miles distant. Surely they were the pioneers of the pioneers.

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However, such a woman did not live in such a home always, for when Lieutenant R. E. Johnson, and Mr. Maxwell of Commodore Wilkes' expedition visited the place in 1841, two years later, finding the men absent at a meeting of the mission, he says he was received by the ladies with great hospitality, and though living in rough log huts, everything about them was scrupulously clean, and that they both seemed to be happy, cheerful and contented with their situation.

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years ago came every month, they could only have corn and the more tender vegetables about once in three years. Did they have beef? Yes, horse flesh, six or eight horses having been killed for this purpose during their first winter at Dr. Whitman's.

And that food, they said, was so much better than what they had had while crossing the plains, when it was buffalo, morning, noon and night, week after week, buffalo, buffalo, buffalo, until some of them could not eat it, as it made them sick. At Tshimakain they salted down about one horse a year for a number of years. There were no cattle in the country? Yes, a few, but, except a few owned by the mission, the Hudson's Bay Company owned all, and neither love nor money could buy one. Yes, they did have one piece of beef in 1838. An old cow twenty years old, the mother of all the cattle in that region, which had not a tooth in her head, was killed at the Hudson's Bay fort, Walla Walla, as she was no longer useful to keep alive, and a liberal piece was sent to the missionaries; but it was many years before they had beef for regular food.

For dishes on which to eat their food they had at first the tin ones they used while crossing the continent, and as there were hardly any earthen ones in the country they probably had to wait until some could be ordered from England and come by way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands. White cotton cloth, ribbons, laces and many little things which are convenient for ladies were just as scarce, for there had been no ladies here to call for them.

Neighbors! Yes, the Indians, of whom Mr. Walker wrote in 1843, who practiced their incantations which amounted to devil worship, and whose camp during these ceremonies had more the appearance of being the habitation of demons than of rational beings, and of whom, after he had been among them for five years, he said, "I have never found one who in the strict sense of the word could be called honest or truthful."

But if they had so many hardships could they not at least hear from home to cheer them in their lonesomeness? Yes, once in six months, in later years sometimes once in twelve, every newspaper

and letter being at least six months old and the rest older. One letter, written at Tshimakain on Thanksgiving says: "Your letter dated September, 1841, I received July 1843, twenty-one months on the way."

Supposing, too, she should be left a widow there by some accident. Mr. Walker went to Lapwai at one time, in returning the Palouse river was swollen by rain and he was detained five days longer than the appointed time. Was it strange that the wife was anxious? When he returned she found that in crossing that swift Palouse, swollen by rain, he and the Indian had been obliged to make a raft, that they were nearly across when the Indian jumped ashore expecting to catch the raft but, by mistake, pushed it out into the stream and the Indians sadly watched their teaching expecting to see him helplessly drowned. A kind Providence only saved him. Just before the raft reached the dangerous place it grounded, and he was saved.

Think again of the dangers to them during the Cayuse war. As soon as they heard of the massacre of Dr. Whitman they heard also the rumor that a party of Cayuses had been sent to their station to kill them. Next came a false report that a party of Spokanes then in the Willamette valley had been killed by the whites in retaliation for the Whitman massacre. The Cayuses spread this report so as to induce the Spokanes to join them. The Colville Indians to the north of them believed it, and the Fort there was under guard night and day for two weeks. The men knew that if any persons should be killed, they would be the first. Was it strange that with trembling hands they wrote the Chief Factor of Fort Colville asking him that in case they should meet a violent death, he would kindly take charge of the widows and fatherless, if they should be spared, put them on board a Hudson's Bay Company boat and send them to the Sandwich Islands, to the care of the American Board. What were the mental trials of these mothers as they thought that they might be left widows, and their children fatherless, thousands of miles from home, or perhaps taken captive by the Indians as some at Walla Walla had been, or killed as Mrs. Whitman had been.

I well remember hearing Mr. Walker tell in 1874, of the feel-

ings he had on Sunday evening after Dr. Whitman had been killed. The Walker and Eells families had been removed to Fort Colville and he, Mr. Eells and one boy had returned to Tshimakain to look after the property. Near night, when they were alone, they heard a war whoop in the woods, and it came nearer and nearer. There was nothing to do but watch and wait. It proved to be friendly Indians, who, fearing that some Cayuses had come to kill them, had run their horses about twenty miles, either to defend their teachers or to avenge their death; but what if it had been the Cayuses, what a situation Mrs. Walker would have been in!

When we look back over these times, and compare them with the flour and beef and food, and lumber, and houses, and modes of travel, and mails and telegraphic communication and securities of the present day, what a contrast Mother Walker saw before her death. No living persons who has crossed the continent has seen such changes on the Pacific coast. None has seen the population subject to the United States change from fifty-one to three millions, as there are in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Alaska and parts of Montana and Wyoming today, a change of nearly sixty thousand fold.

Is it strange also that I find the following sentence under the heading, Mary Richardson Walker, in the history of the Willamette Valley: "To the people of today it must seem wonderful, and altogether inexplicable, how human beings, as tenderly nurtured as the Walker and Eells families were, could live at all amid such surroundings, and the wonder increases when it is learned that ten years did not serve to dampen the ardor of these pious missionary people." The ten years passed and on account of the Whitman massacre they were obliged to come to this valley. Had her sacrifice and that of the rest been of any avail? The Indians to the north of them who believed the lying reports were kept out of Fort Colville by bars and bolts, by muskets and cannon. Those to the south of them had massacred Dr. Whitman and others. But these Spokanes said they would believe their teachers first who told them that the reported death of many of their number in the Willamette valley was but a false rumor. They advised and guarded their teachers for three months after the massacre until

the volunteers had driven the Cayuses to the border of their country, when all thought it best for the families to go tot Fort Colville for safety. They ran their horses twenty miles when they thought the Cayuses had secretly slipped through to kill the men who were left, either to protect them or avenge their death. They told the Cayuses that they must not come into their country; and when the latter said, "We will not do as you say," these Spokanes prepared to fight them. They assisted our troops during the war and when at last the mission families decided that it was best for them to leave, they pleaded that they would not go, saying they would protect them, would take them to their root grounds if necessary and even showed such strong opposition that the missionaries felt that the only danger was that the Indians would not allow them to leave, and when they did go two of them accompanied the missionaries a hundred miles, and as they said goodbye, said, "Our hearts weep to see you go, but we acquiesce, sorrowing most of all that they should see these faces no more."

Nor was this all. Year after year some of them came to Oregon City for work, and always begged for their teachers to return or, if they could not go, for other teachers to be given them. When once the Indian agent, Dr. Dart, promised to go to their country and to take Mr. Walker with them, how their hearts rejoiced. They went ahead with the joyful news, took wheat seventy miles to have it ground and made all needed preparation. And when they waited and these two persons did not come, because after starting Dr. Dart had been called to Southern Oregon, how disappointed they were.

Here they were in the Willamette valley in 1848, and it was a great step in advance of what it was where they had been. Here was a provisional government; although the United States had not asumed jurisdiction over Oregon, here was a population of something less than ten thousand; here was Portland with one store, one wharf and a few log houses, and Oregon City, the metropolis of the whole of the United States west of the Rocky mountains; the orphan asylum was at Forest Grove where Pacific University now is; there were two Congregational churches, and three Congregational ministers besides the missionaries from

Tshimakain, in the valley, and here came Father and Mother Walker, with six children, between six months and ten years of age, to support but without any property of their own, as they had never had any salary while in the mission, only having their expenses paid, and her two months later, came the report of the discovery of the gold mines in California, when prices went up very high, and no wonder there were hard times for the family, but the same faith and the same God who had carried them through six troubles, carried through the seventh. Two years at Oregon City, and forty-eight at Forest Grove.

Only once during these forty-nine years has Mrs. Walker been east of the Cascades,—once in 1888 I had the privilege of accompanying her to Walla Walla, where she had spent her first winter in Oregon, so that she might be present at, and assist in celebrating that jubilee at Whitman College, the fiftieth anniversary of her coming to this coast. And once she returned to Maine.

Now they are all gone, all of that band of missionaries who were under the American Board. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman in 1847, the former at the age of forty-five and the latter at thirty-nine; Mrs. Spalding in 1851, at the age of forty-four; Mrs. Smith in 1855, aged forty-one; Mr. Spalding in 1874, aged seventy; Mr. Walker in 1877, aged seventy-two; Mrs. Eells in 1878, aged seventy-three; Mrs. Gray in 1881, aged seventy-one; Mr. Smith in 1886, aged seventy-six; Mr. Gray in 1889, aged seventy-nine; Dr. Eells in 1893, aged eighty-three; and Mrs. Walker in 1897, aged eighty-six years, eight months and four days, she living the longest on this coast and being the oldest at the time of death. The average ages of the whole band of twelve is sixty-five years and five months—longer than the average age of most who stay at home.

A MIDNIGHT FLIGHT—A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR OF 1856

BY H. C. COE.

The year 1856 was one of anxiety to the few and scattered inhabitants in Eastern Oregon and Washington. Rumors of an impending Indian outbreak filled the air—came with the winter's snows but did not go with them. For a year the columns of the Weekly Oregonian had been filled with accounts of the barbarous tortures inflicted upon helpless immigrants who fell into the hands of the hostile hordes in the eastern portion of the territory. The question then with the wretched prisoners was not how long before a ransome or exchange would set them free, but how long before death would release them from the infernal tortures inflicted by their captors. Once in their clutches but few escaped to tell the awful tale. The powerful Yakima nation, led by the noted Chief Kamiakin, were practically on the war path, and their emmisaries were everywhere, urging the Columbia river tribes to join in a war of extermination against the whites. The Klickitats, an important branch of the Yakimas, withstood for a time the importunities of their inland brothers and gave up their arms to the authorities, without a word; but the maggot of unrest was industriously working in the "military brain," and the arrest of three of the principal chiefs of the tribe was decided upon. Mr. Joslyn, the pioneer settler of White Salmon, a warm-hearted Christian gentleman and an earnest friend of the Indians, protested in vain against the outrage. The then unsuspecting chiefs were easily trapped, loaded with chains, sent to Fort Vancouver and placed in charge of the regular army. They soon found means to evade the vigilance of their guards and returned to their tribe, who, with a few notable exceptions, at once joined the hostiles. This occurred during the latter part of February, 1856.

Mr. Joslyn, satisfied that trouble would follow the arrest of the chiefs, had removed with his family to Portland, leaving a hired man named Galentine and a boy named Hawk to look out for the place. An attack was at once planned by the angry chiefs, but the friendly Indians notified them of the plot and they left the place and came to Hood River, after being chased all night by the hostiles. For this act of friendship to the whites the friendly Indians were compelled to leave their homes and with their wives and little ones also came to Hood River. There were at that time but two families living here—William Jenkins and wife and two brothers-in-law, making with our family and the man Galentine seven men, two women and two boys, composing the entire white population between the Cascades and The Dalles.

Our farm work thus far had been done very much as the Jews had rebuilded Jesusalem, with implements of war in one hand and their trowels in the other. Many a day have I urged on the tardy oxen with a goad in one hand and rifle in the other. These were troublous times. The hostile Klickitats made themselves very conspicuous along the bluff on the Washington shore above White Salmon. For days the war drums had beat continuously, filling our hearts with forebodings of trouble. The Hood River Indians had been, so far, very pronounced in their friendship towards us, and in conjunction with the friendly Klickitats, had captured and brought to the Oregon side every canoe or boat that could be found that was in reach of the hostiles. So far so good; but the Polala Illahe (sand land) Indians under old Chief Wallachin, living on what was afterwards the Haynes ranch, about two miles west of Hood River (or, as then known, Dog river), were known to have a very decided leaning towards the hostiles. We at once appealed to the military authorities at The Dalles for protection, and Lieutenant Davidson was sent down with a company of cavalry. How well I remember them coming! The hostiles had been unusually active that morning, and the boy Woodburn Hawk and myself had been sent out to gather up the cattle and drive them home. We did not much like the job, but could not help it; but before we found the cattle we saw the smoke from Joslyn's house

and barn and hurried home as fast as our feet could carry us. We found the cavalry had arrived, and their coming was the signal for the burning. The valorous lieutenant marshaled his forces on the sandbar, and hailing the steamer Wasco on her way to The Dalles, started for the seat of war. My two brothers and the two Bensons had gone with the troops, also Amos Underwood, who was on his way to the Cascades, was one of the party. How the Indians did yell! The cliffs were alive with them, and their war whoops echoed and re-echoed across the river. The valiant lieutenant, ere he reached the landing, suddenly remembered that he had orders not to molest the Indians in Washington, but merely protect the settlers and their property at Hood River, and ordered the boat to land him again on the Oregon shore. Discretion in this case was certainly the better part of valor, for it undoubtedly saved him his scalp and that of every member of his party that was to have landed on the hostile shore.

That night, by some means a band of hostiles crossed the river and attacked the camp of friendly Klickitats near where the section house now stands, and after a sharp exchange of shots, in which one of the invaders was seriously wounded, the friendlies left their camp and came trooping up to the house. Soon after the hostiles came across some of the cavalry picket guard and opened fire on them, which sent them scurrying to camp. These men were posted on the brow of the hill near where my house now stands, so that evidently the Indians were reconnoitering and unexpectedly ran across the guards. Everybody was, of course, up and under arms, but nothing else occurred during the night.

The next day all was quiet across the river. The Indians had gone; not a squaw, pappoose nor puppy was left. They had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. Even the friendly Klickitats were at a loss to account for their absence. Ah, but the Cascade massacre was the dreadful sequel of their vanishing.

A few days later the cavalry returned to The Dalles, and the daily routine of farm work was resumed, undisturbed, until the awful horror of the 26th day of March. What a bright, beautiful

day it was! The broad bosom of the Columbia was like mirrored glass. My two yoke of oxen were yoked to the wagon, and my brother Charles was deputized a special guard for the day's trip to Rail gulch for a load of rails. Just as we were ready to start a faint halloa was heard from over the river, near the mouth of the White Salmon. Again and again it came. Finally, two figures were made out, waving their blankets. The Indians collected at the house, hesitating, fearing a trap, but finally, fully armed, a party started over to investigate. Before their return we had gone for our day's work. About 2 o'clock, when on our way home, my brother Eugene came riding up on horseback with the news that the Cascades had been attacked and that the battle was then raging, and told us to hurry home as fast as possible. The appalling news fell like a thunderbolt from the clear skies. The battle going on, or possibly over, and an elder brother there, perhaps dead.

On reaching home we found everything in commotion. The Indians had gathered in for council and evidently much excited. The parties who were signaling across the river in the morning proved to be a buck and his squaw who had been held as prisoners by Showouwai, a brother of Kamiakin, because he had refused to let him have his rifle, which he had taken a fancy to. They had been seven days coming from the Simcoe reservation, and had experienced fearful hardships on the way over from hunger and fatigue, nearly all the way being through snow, in some places many feet deep. They brought news that the hostiles were to start so as to reach the Cascades the very day that they had reached the river. They had strained every nerve in order to reach us sooner and give the alarm, but were too late. My brother Eugene immediately started for the landing to intercept the little steamer Mary, that was then coming in sight, and communicate the news to them. The reply sent a thrill of terror through every heart. They had themselves been in the fight and had, by the greatest chance, barely escaped with their lives, and some had been seriously if not mortally wounded and were then on board. Their advice was for us to fly for our lives, as in all probability every

soul at the Cascades would be killed, as the woods were full of Indians. About sundown a courier arrived, bringing the news that Bradford's store, where all the whites at the Upper Cascades were congregated, had been captured, as the Indians could be seen carrying flour and other things out of it. (This was a mistake, as it was the Bush house that had been abandoned and was afterward looted by the Indians.)

A council was at once called, Indians included. They on their part promised to station guards all along the river and send couriers to the Cascades, and this promise was faithfully executed. After they had gone it was unanimously decided that we should at all hazards attempt to reach The Dalles. We had all confidence in the Klickitats; they had been proved, but were satisfied that the others could not be trusted. Our only route was by the river, and the craft was a huge Chinook canoe that had been hid in the brush near where the present wagon bridge crosses Hood River, and was owned by an old Indian named Waucusha. This canoe was an exceptionally fine one, capable of carrying 30 to 40 passengers.

At about midnight the entire white population of Hood River left their homes and marched in single file to the river, where we met the canoe and started on our lonely journey. As we quietly paddled our canoe through the silent water we heard the Indian guards signaling along the shore from one to another until far up and down the river came the answering calls. We had been discovered, and in less time than it takes to read it, every camp had been apprised of our flight. About noon the next day, when near Klickitat river, we met both little steamers, Mary and Wasco, fairly blue with soldiers and loaded to the guards with cavalry and munitions of war, on their way for the relief of the Cascades. They stopped as they came to us, inquiring for news. We gave them what we had heard from the courier of the night before, and they hurried on. How their polished rifles and bayonets gleamed and shimmered in that noonday sun! and their clanking sabers made sweet music to our care-worn ears. How fierce and brave and good they looked! Oh! would they be in time? About 3 o'clock we reached The Dalles, where almost the

entire population turned out to meet us, inquiring for news, and where our journey ended.

I cannot close this piece without a tribute of praise to those true and loyal Klickitats, who so bravely stood by the whites in that trying year. Truer-hearted men never lived. Tried by the test of battle, they proved themselves men even though their hearts beat under a dusky skin. They have nearly all passed over to the happy hunting grounds, and scarcely a remnant of their race remains. Among the most prominent of them was Johnson, Quemps, Yallup, Snataps and Johnnie. There were others that I cannot call to memory. Among the Hood River Indians but two or three remain—Old John Slibener and Charley Copiax still live, and both were unwavering in fealty to tne whites. There is still another, whose character as a friend to the pale face is open to serious doubts. His own admission places him in the fight against Major Haller on Simcoe mountains. By the evidence of others, his hand applied the torch that fired the Joslyn houses, and by implication that same right hand was crimsoned with the blood of innocents at the Cascade massacre. I refer to Old White Salmon Dave, a notorious beggar and a would-be pensioner of Brother John Cradlebaugh's.

There is also a scrap of unwritten history concerning the plans of that wily old chief, Kamiakin. He had decided upon war, and his plan was, first, to capture the Cascades, then leaving sufficient force to hold that place, come up the river and attack The Dalles, compelling all the Indians to join him. And there is no doubt in my mind but that, with few exceptions, all the tribes would have joined his standard. From The Dalles the movement was to continue eastward until the entire country east of the Cascades was clear of whites. The campaign was well planned but poorly executed. All that saved the Cascades, however, was a very fortunate accident, one of those happenings that seem to be the direct work of Providence. A large body of United States troops were on their way to the eastern portion of the territory, and Kamiakin was fully informed as to their intentions. Couriers on fleet horses waited the movement of the troops, and on their departure from

The Dalles their horses were urged to their utmost speed to Kamiakin's camp, who at once started his warriors for the Cascades. But the troops only made a three-mile march and went into camp to await the arrival of arms and ammunition that had been detained at the Cascade portage and were to have been shipped by the steamer the very day of the attack. So that the detention not only furnished those in Bradford's store with an abundance of arms and ammunition, but detained the troops within easy reach of the boats. This information regarding Kamiakin all came through the Indians that had escaped from Chief Showaway's clutches.

But my story must close. You who are now scattered throughout the length and breadth of this beautiful valley can but little realize the situation then or the constant fear that for over a year was in every breast. It seems to me now more like a dream than a reality.

CONSTITUTION

We, the members of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION, do hereby adopt this Constitution as the fundamental law by which the proceedings of this Association shall be governed.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known by the name of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II.

The objects of the Association shall be to collect, from living witnesses, such facts relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, as the Association may deem worthy of preservation, and to promote social intercourse among the members.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and Treasurer, who shall form the Executive Board; and a Board of five Directors, including the President and Vice-President, who shall be ex-officio members of the same. All officers of the Association shall hold their respective places for one year, or until their successors shall have been elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and in case of his absence or inability so to act, the Vice-President shall preside. The President, with the concurrent opinion of a majority of the Executive Board, shall have power to call special meetings whenever, in his judgment, the best interests of the Association shall demand it, countersigning all calls for the same; also, all orders drawn on the Treasurer by the Secretary, and per-

form such other duties as the Association may, by resolution, impose upon him.

ARTICLE V.

The Secretary shall keep a correct record of all proceedings of the Association, sign all orders drawn upon the Treasurer; also, all calls for meetings; shall file copies of all letters written by himself on special business, touching the objects of the Association, and faithfully preserve all communications which he may receive relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, and perform such others duties as shall be imposed upon him by resolution at the meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

The Treasurer shall receive, and safely keep, all moneys belonging to the Association, pay all orders properly signed by the President and Secretary, and keep books for the correct statement of his accounts.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Executive officers and Board of Directors, at such time and place as he may designate, and the Secretary shall notify the Directors for what purpose they are to convene. It shall be the duty of the Directors to select the place of holding the Annual Reunions of the Association; to receive and examine the Annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, and have power to require semi-annual reports from the same, and perform such other duties as may by resolution in annual session be imposed upon them.

ARTICLE VIII.

All immigrants, male or female, who reside within the bounds of the original Territory of Oregon, under joint occupancy of the country by the United States and Great Britain, and those who settled within said Territory prior to the 14th day of February, 1859, are eligible to become members of this Association.

ARTICLE IX.

All persons having the qualifications set forth in the preceding

Article, choosing to become members of this Association, are required to subscribe their names in the Register kept for that purpose, or may forward the same to the Secretary to be recorded, giving the date of his or her arrival in the Territory of Oregon, where from, native State or country, and year of birth, and pay an admission fee of one dollar ($1.00) and a yearly due of like amount at each annual meeting: Provided, That no yearly due be exacted from female members of the Association; but all members are required to furnish the Secretary with their photograph on becoming members, or as soon thereafter as convenient, the same to be arranged in groups to accord with the date of arrival of each year's immigration, and to be preserved with the memoirs of the Association.

ARTICLE X.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Board to select annually persons to deliver the Annual and Occasional addresses, a Chaplain, Chief Marshal, and such subordinate officers and invited guests of the Association, as in its judgment may be proper and necessary for the occasion of each Annual Reunion.

ARTICLE XI.

The time of holding the annual meetings shall be June 15th, except when the date falls on Sunday, in which event the Reunion shall take place on the following Tuesday. And it shall be the duty of the Secretary to give at least sixty days' notice of the same, through the medium of the public press, stating the time and place designated for such purpose.

ARTICLE XII.

The officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot at the annual meetings. The candidates having a majority of the votes cast, shall be by the President declared duly elected. And it shall be the duty of the President to appoint two members to act as tellers, and conjointly with the Secretary and his assistant, shall receive and canvass the votes.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Association shall, at each annual meeting, make an appro-

priation out of moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, sufficient to enable the Secretary to provide the officers of the Association with suitable books, stationery, and stamped envelopes, as may be necessary to enable them to discharge the duties of their respective offices, and to meet all outstanding indebtedness or incidental expenses incurred in conducting the business of the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.

This Constitution, defining the objects of the Oregon Pioneer Association, the powers and duties of its officers and members, shall not be changed or amended except by a two-thirds' vote of the members voting in the affirmative at the annual meetings of the Association; but the members may, by resolution, require the President to appoint a committee of three members to revise and report an amended copy of this Constitution at the annual meeting next ensuing, and if the copy so reported, or any Article or Section thereof, shall receive two-thirds of the votes cast, it shall become valid as the fundamental law of the Association, except in the case of advancing the limit of membership, which shall require an unanimous vote.

ARTICLE XV.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to procure from the author of each Annual Address, a manuscript copy, the same to be preserved with the archives of the Association; also, manuscript or printed copies of each regular address delivered by special invitation of the Board; and all papers read before, or presented to the Association, to be in like manner preserved.

ARTICLE XVII.

Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed as conflicting with the right to admit any one to membership in this Association who came to any part of the Pacific coast during the pioneer limit.

ARTICLE XVII.

The Association, in its deliberations, shall be governed by rules made in conformity with parliamentary usage.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

37th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 11th, 1909

CONTAINING THE

Annual Address by Hon. P. H. D'Arcy, 1857
OF SALEM

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Fourth
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
1910